

The TATLER

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July 13, 1932



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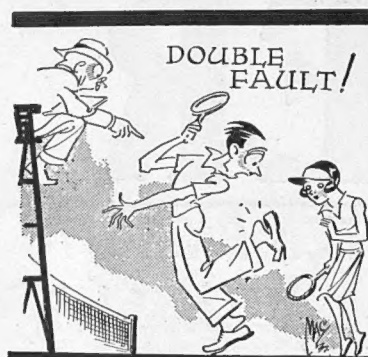
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London, July 13, 1932

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Price One Shilling



BOTHER THE CAMERA! JOHN BARRYMORE, JR., AND HIS MOTHER, DOLORES COSTELLO

The first picture taken of the son and heir of the John Barrymore household, and he seems excessively bored with it. Mrs. John Barrymore in her stage and film entity is Dolores Costello, and has been her husband's leading lady in many of his most famous films. The baby's full names are John Blythe Barrymore, Blythe being John Barrymore's real name. John, Lionel, and Ethel Barrymore are appearing together in *Rasputin*, now nearing completion at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

THE LETTERS OF EVE



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES
AT THE FRENCH PICTURES TABLEUX

Her Majesty, with her grandson and attended by the Dowager Countess of Minto and the Hon. Gerald Chichester, was present at the matinée at His Majesty's Theatre last week in aid of the Princess Beatrice Hospital and the Papworth Village Settlement

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

MY DEAR,—We were kept very much on the go last week with entertainments of every kind. Many of them, like Lady Wavertree's annual after-Wimbledon tennis party, which started off the week, were got up for a good cause. I have rarely seen so many photographers per

square rod, pole or perch as were gathered together in the grounds of Sussex Lodge. Of course there were numbers of celebrities present, but compared with the cameras the odds were about four to nine.

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen was perched on a ladder and officiated as umpire. And what player would dream of doubting the infallibility of such an umpire? She was dressed all in white and looked very fit and well. Lower down on the same ladder sat Cochet, making himself very useful by assisting her or by retrieving balls for the players who included Woods, last year's champion, and Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall. Later on Cochet played himself with the permanent lady champion, Mrs. Wills-Moody, who looks like going on for ever.

The non-playing celebrities watching from the back of the court included Princess Alice and Lord Athlone, the Arthur of Connaughts, and Captain and Mrs. Cunningham Reid. Another group centred round Mrs. Elinor Glyn, who looked very handsome and very intense dressed all in black. Among the others were Lord and Lady Albemarle, Lord Portarlington, who was wearing



THE HON. JOHN AND MRS. LESLIE LEAVING
ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER

This wedding, which was attended by Society en masse, took place early last week. The bridegroom is a son of the late Earl of Rothes and the bride was Miss Coral Pinckard, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard of Great Chesterfield Street, W., and Combe Court, Chiddingfold, Surrey. Miss Cherry Pinckard (the bride's sister), Miss Elizabeth Darell, Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, the Hon. Lorraine Berry, Miss Diana Boyd-Rochfort, and Miss Daphne Lawson were the bridesmaids



MR. AND MRS. G. H. LAURIE AFTER THEIR
WEDDING AT SOUTHWELL MINSTER

Mr. G. H. Vere-Laurie, 9th Lancers, is the elder son of the late Lieut.-Colonel G. B. Laurie, Royal Irish Rifles, and Mrs. Vere-Laurie of Carlton Hall, Newark, Notts, and the bride was Miss Caroline Judith Francklin, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Francklin of Gonalston Hall, Notts

a gent's boater, Lady Newborough in a large lilac hat, and one lady whose bare legs I found it difficult to admire. I can sympathize with tennis players who wear no stockings, for they tell me that the absence of suspenders makes all the difference. But even on bathing beaches it is only the most perfect limbs which can afford to be exposed.

* * *

It was on Monday night that Mrs. Wakefield Saunders gave yet another dance in Hyde Park Gardens for her débutante daughter, Georgina. The band was particularly good and played everything from a waltz to a rumba, and when I arrived late, about one o'clock, I found the party in full swing. Miss Saunders looked quite lovely in a white dress with diamond earrings, and other admired young things were the Hare sisters, Miss Elizabeth Darrell, and Miss Diana Minto Wilson.

Lady Portarlington looked very well in the white piqué dress which will surely be known in centuries to come as early twentieth century. For even now we are distinctly elastic in our ideas about Georgian history and Georgian architecture (1714-1830), and no dress has been more famous in any season than this white piqué dress of 1932. But to return to the ball, which is about the only one I have been to where there was room both for dancing and for sitting out. Lady Weigall looked very regal and was surrounded, as usual, by young men who offered to wheel her about in her golden wicker chair. Other mothers included Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, in white, Lady Winifred Renshaw, Lady Tweeddale, and Lady Mildred Fitz-Gerald.

Next day our afternoon was divided between a *matinée* at His Majesty's and a garden party at St. James's Palace. The *matinée* was organized by Lady Linlithgow, who is tireless in her efforts to raise money in a good cause. I fear I have forgotten this particular cause, but I do know that it benefited to the amount of £2,000.

The Queen and Lady Minto sat in the stage box and all the prettiest girls in London were among the performers, who represented well-known French pictures. Easily the best was Lady Pam. Smith as Madame Récamier, for she had somehow managed to capture exactly the right expression. Some of the others were just a little set and grim-looking. Miss Gladys Cooper and Mrs. Edward Knoblock were excellent in Renoir's "La Loge."

Little Susan Armstrong-Jones delighted the audience by the way she rolled her eyes in "La Toilette du Matin," and Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton looked very sweet as Mademoiselle Doré. But it was a pity that the frame on the stage was so big, as only the large groups were really in proportion.

The Duchess of York looked radiant at the Garden Party at St. James's Palace. Really there is no other word that adequately describes her grace and charm. For once, everyone agreed with Lady Astor when she said that many people came to parties, but very few brought anything with them. The Duchess brings something with her that warms every heart. It was a most entertaining afternoon. Some seventy-three babies presented purses, some with great dignity, others rather off-handedly. One, indeed, was heard to ask indignantly, *why* she should give her purse to that lady in blue? But one young man bowed so deeply that he sat down suddenly on the grass.

The procession was headed by Mrs. Sieff's little daughter, in blue tulle, and other well-known young people who helped to "make" the party were Sally Pearson, Peter Elwes, and Zoe d'Erlanger. Miss Vacani's children danced on the lawn, against a charming back-ground of tall delphiniums, and amongst the audience of proud parents and relations were Lady Pearson with her daughter, Miss Joan

Buckmaster, Mrs. Sieff, and Lady Cynthia Colville, to whose energy the party owed much of its undoubted success.

Another young party was given by Lady Mar and Kellie the next afternoon, the guests of honour being Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose and her own grandchildren.

The Mar and Kellies have been spending the season in Sussex Square, in the same house they have taken for several years. For their only home is Alloa, their place near Stirling. Alloa is a large, comfortable house with lovely gardens, standing like an oasis in the middle of factory chimneys, and its front doors are the most hospitable in the whole of Scotland, for not one of the Mar's huge circle of friends is allowed to pass through the country without staying a night or two with them.

Lord Mar and Kellie is Governor of Stirling Castle. I wonder what he thought of the recent playful gesture of hauling down the Union Jack and running up the Scottish flag upside down. A gesture so uncomplimentary to both countries. Lady Mar has seen to it that there are good tennis courts at Alloa, for she is a first-rate player besides being the best woman shot in the British Isles, and you may gather from that that she is both energetic and versatile, for you know that racing is another of her great interests.

Another very energetic and all-round person is Mrs. Teddy Howard. Few of her guests can stay the course when they go to visit her at Coombe Park, for she is up and about long before they are awake and she has so many interests that even these long summer days are far too short. And wherever she goes she is followed by two Alsations and three spaniels.

I think that if I, and not Mr. Teddy Howard, possessed Coombe, I might be roused to greater energy than I now possess. For the house stands well above the river, a few miles up from Pangbourne in the middle of a large park, and its garden is a continual inspiration. I shall never forget the old walled acre-garden as I saw it the other day. It was just massed delphiniums in about a dozen enormous patches, against a background of golden cypresses. And there are rose gardens, and herbaceous borders, and new gardens in the most unexpected corners.

And farther afield there is the stud farm with a hundred boxes. For Mr. Howard, who has owned and raced for many years, is even more interested in breeding, and he bought Sunny Trace, who was expected to win Felstead's Derby a year or two ago. There are thirty-two paddocks scattered about at Coombe, and wherever you go you find groups of yearlings or mares with their enchanting tiny foals. I have earmarked the Derby winner of 1935 already. A brown fellow with a most intelligent little head.

The Sibelius Concert at the Queen's Hall was an interesting experiment. He is such a definite and individual composer that there were some doubts as to the wisdom of giving up a whole evening to his works, but Herr Kajanus managed to get the

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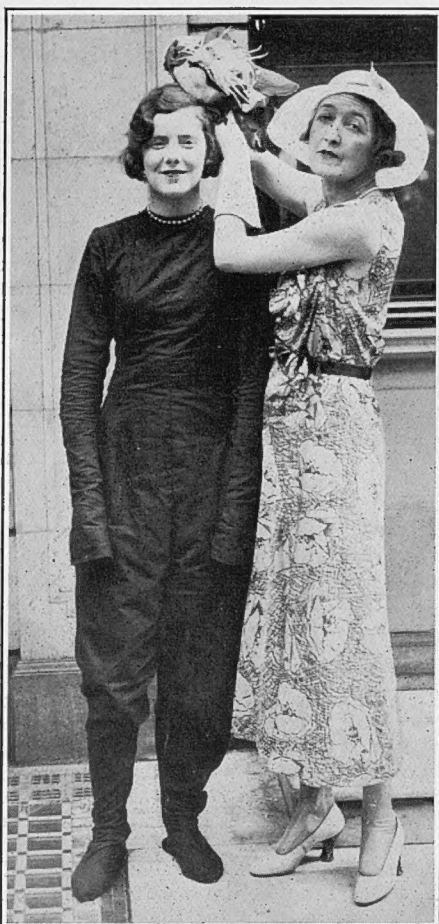
FISHING THE BLACKWATER, CO. FERMOY:
LADY MOUNT—

A snapshot on the reach near Careysville on this famous Irish salmon river, where the water has never been so low as it has been in some of the English and Scottish streams. Lady Mount is the wife of Sir William Mount, Bart., and was formerly Miss Elizabeth Llewellyn



—AND LADY MOWBRAY

Who is also fishing the Careysville reach of the Blackwater. Lady Mowbray is the wife of Sir George Mowbray, Bart. A son and heir was born on March 3 of this year. Lady Mowbray, who was married in 1927, was Miss Diana Hughes of Ivybridge, South Devon



THE LEWIS CARROLL MATINÉE:
LADY JOAN VILLIERS (The Cheshire
Cat) AND HER "DRESSER," LADY
MOUNT TEMPLE

The matinée in aid of the Lewis Carroll Memorial Ward for Children at St. Mary's Hospital took place at the St. James's Theatre on July 12 (yesterday) in the presence of H.R.H. the Duchess of York. The Cheshire Cat had a way of vanishing all but his smile—a bit difficult feat in real life, but Lady Joan Villiers, who is Lord Jersey's sister, did all that was humanly possible. Lord Mount Temple was formerly Colonel Wilfrid Ashley

recent broadcasts to familiarize us with the symphonies and tone poems which have made him so justly famous abroad.

The audience on Tuesday night was wildly enthusiastic about the strange and sombre music. Lady Wimborne, in a black afternoon dress, sat with Mr. Jack Donaldson; Miss Jely d'Aranji, in a Spanish shawl, came with Mr. Puffin Asquith; Mr. Francis Toye was enjoying a "busman's holiday," and amongst others I noticed Mrs. Cochrane Baillie, very pretty in black and pink, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Lady Catherine Paget, in black lace, Miss Mary Newcomb, Viscount Moore, and Lady Patricia Moore.

The last Æolus concert at Londonderry House on Wednesday would have been better—from a musical point of view—if the acoustics of the room had been less good. As it was the resonance of the piano entirely swamped the 'cello, so that Madame Suggia might have been playing an accompaniment to Dr. Malcolm Sargent. And

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

maximum effect out of the tone poems, "Daughter of the North" and "Tapiola." He was, perhaps, less happy in the Third Symphony, which seemed to lack grace and charm, but the triumphant climax at the end of the fifth brought down the house (almost literally).

It was, I suppose, inevitable that the programme should start with the much-abused "Finlandia." This agreeable but hackneyed piece, and the "Valse Triste" were almost the only works by which Sibelius was known in this country, until a few years ago. The B.B.C. have done much by their

perhaps that unaccompanied suite of Bach's was hardly a wise choice for fidgetty people on a hot night. Still, Suggia is always Suggia, and the Beethoven was certainly lovely.

All the usual people were to be seen, so I will spare you their names. But a few of the less-frequently mentioned included Lord and Lady Huntley, Sir Ian Hamilton, the very good-looking Lord Derwent, Lady Lytton, and Lady Leslie, and Lady Gainford, who arrived with a large party during the last movement.

After the concert I went on to Mrs. Syrie Somerset Maugham's really wonderful party in the King's Road. As usual she had done the whole place with white flowers. Even the green leaves had been removed from the great bowls of syringa. But it was only florally that this party was without colour. For Mrs. Maugham is the best mixer of a human cocktail that this town possesses. She can gather together all the best it has to offer in the way of beauty and brains.

Shall I just say then that everyone was there? Or would you like to know that the party included the Oswald Mosleys and Mr. Noel Coward; Miss Dorothy Dickson and Miss Gladys Cooper and their pretty daughters; Miss Duke and Miss Scheftel, the two American girls who possess both looks and millions; Miss Ivy St. Helier and Mr. Oliver Messel. And, to start again, the Sacheverell Sitwells and Osbert; Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and Mr. Shane Leslie; Lady Oxford and Mr. Puffin Asquith; Lady Bridgett Poulett, and Miss Lisa Maugham, our hostesses young and enchanting daughter, for whom the party was given.

It was a pity that two of the best dances we have had this season clashed on Thursday night. One of them was given

by Lady Edward Hay, and she gave it in the really grand pre-War manner by starting the proceedings with a dinner party for forty-four people. Both dinner and supper were served in a big tent she had had put up in the garden.

Our hostess looked quite lovely in white embroidered with crystals, and among the people, besides Prince George, that I specially noticed were Mrs. Simon Rodney, also in white, and full of her usual vivacity, Lady Packe, Mrs. Leatham, Lady Annaly, and Lady Dalkeith who looked very pretty in blue, and also the Peter Thursbys.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Guinness are now living in the house in Cheyne Walk which used to belong to the new Lord Dudley. They have altered it a good deal and painted the panelling white. The dance itself, however, was as much in the garden, which was all flood-lighted, as in the house. All sorts of amusing and decorative people were there. Lady Weymouth, looking quite lovely in black and white, Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine and her brother Hamish, Lady Charles

Cavendish and Miss Tilly Losch, the Georg von Bismarcks, one of whom paints while the other sculpts, Lord Moore, Lord Gerald Wellesley, and Mr. Curtis Moffat.—Yours ever, EVE.



MRS. A. T. SMITH-BINGHAM AND HER SON, CHARLES

Mrs. Smith-Bingham, who is a sister of the Countess de Pret, who married Count Jackie de Pret, so well known in Leicestershire and Warwickshire, and also in the polo world, is a daughter of the late Mr. Charles T. Garland of Moreton Hall, Warwickshire. Mr. Smith Bingham is in the Life Guards

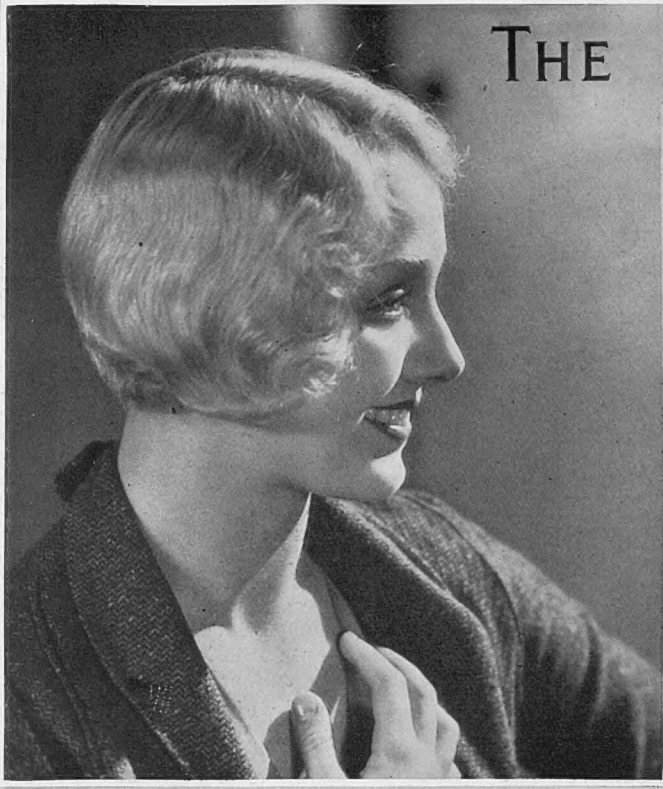
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AND COLONEL STANYFORTHMAKING THE GRAND TOUR: COLONEL
GWYNNE AND LADY HASTINGSA COMPETITOR: THE HON. MRS. GILBERT
GREENALL (right) WITH MRS. CAMPBELLSIR MERRIK BURRELL
BROUGHT HIS DAUGHTER

The Royal Agricultural Society of England held its famous show at Southampton this year. The entries were fewer than usual, which was only to be expected, considering the present unfortunate condition of farming, and the attendance, too, was not up to standard on the first three days, a fact for which the weather was largely responsible. Lord and Lady Templemore, who came over from Upton House, Alresford, also have a place in Ireland, Dunbrody Park, County Wexford. Captain Hambro brought his daughters, and Sir Merrik Burrell also had a daughter in attendance. Sir Merrik is a very keen agriculturalist, and his exhibits on this occasion included Percherons. The Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, excellently turned out, was on view in the show ring, and her father-in-law, Lord Daresbury, was, as usual, a feature of the Royal. On the first day he won a championship with his Large White boar, Taunton Turk, an award which was most popular



BEAUTIFUL LEILA HYAMS

Whose latest picture is "Freaks," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talkie recently completed. Leila Hyams is a one hundred per cent. American, and she and her parents before her are theatre born and bred. She jumped straight into stardom on the films

At the Carlton.

WITH any other director and any other cast, *One Hour with You* might have been merely another film version of a stage play, and as dull and lifeless as so many of the others which come into that category.

For *The Marriage Circle*, from which it has been taken, depends upon situations and dialogue rather than upon action and plot, so that it is not too happily suited for film treatment. On the other hand, with any other director and any other cast, this picture of marital intimacy and marital infidelity might easily have been made into something which would have provoked drastic action by the Censor.

As it is, Lubitsch's genius and lightness of touch, and the charm and personality and that unique capacity for getting away with it which are Maurice Chevalier's own, steer *One Hour with You* quite safely between the Scylla of deadly dullness and the Charybdis of the Censor. And in doing this they show real craftsmanship, for they have kept dangerously near the Charybdis side of their narrow channel. And the result is a gay, light-hearted entertainment which succeeded in keeping me amused on one of the hottest nights we have had for some time.

Hollywood's economy campaign has cramped the style of Lubitsch, for he is given no opportunities for spectacular display. You must not look for another *Love Parade* in *One Hour with You*. This is a drawing-room and bed-room comedy enriched by some music by Oscar Strauss, a Lubitsch view-point, and by Maurice Chevalier backed up by Jeannette Macdonald, Genevieve Tobin, Roland Young, and Charles Ruggles. The hero and heroine, André and Colette, are happily married and very much in love. Roland Young, the professor, is frankly bored with the goings-on of his wife, Mitzi, and is employing a detective to find grounds for divorce. And Charles Ruggles cherishes a hopeless passion for Colette, a passion of which she makes good use when necessity demands.

The slightness of the plot is emphasized by the elaborate way in which André and Colette are first introduced to us. It is spring time in Paris, and the parks have become so popular that there is only standing room in them, while the cafés languish empty. The police decide to make a round-up in the parks for the good of trade. They discover our hero and heroine among other couples engaged in mild dalliance, and move them on, refusing to believe them when they say that they are married. As the only other alternative is home and bed, it is there that they take up, after Maurice gives the audience his assurance that what he told the police is really true. The Censor dodging

THE CINEMA by LENZ

in this scene is extremely clever, for while so much is suggested there is literally nothing to take hold of and cut out.

The next day Mitzi, Colette's old school friend, appears upon the scene. She does her best to vamp Maurice both during their first chance meeting in a taxi-cab and afterwards. But he, being very much in love with his wife, does all he can to fly from temptation. It is not easy, for she is a trier, and his feelings are well expressed in his song, "Awch! that Mitzi." (It is impossible to convey in print just how much he puts into the interjection.) All might have been well if, on the night of her party, Colette had not accused André of infidelity. And with the wrong girl! And with Colette's anger and unreasonableness on the one side and the inviting hoot of Mitzi's waiting taxi on the other, what could a man like him be really expected to do? So while he and Mitzi bowl off merrily together to the tune of "One Hour with You" there is nothing left for Colette but to endure the same song from the adoring Charles Ruggles, who finds it "so difficult to restrain the animal in him!"

All is forgotten by morning, until Mitzi's husband comes to say, in his cool and detached way, that he proposes to name André as co-respondent. Colette arrives on this scene in time only to gather that there is something wrong in Mitzi's married life. Who can be the man she wonders? She makes many guesses while the unfortunate André writhes in guilt. But when he eventually confesses that the man is himself, she thinks quickly of that little episode with her faithful swain. Did he not urge his devotion and his desire? Did he not kiss her? Very well, she will make the most of it and cry quits so that pride and honour may be satisfied. So the hesitating Ruggles is subjected to leading questions by Colette. And, taking his cue from André's signs, he answers just as she wishes him to answer.

And so, with the score reduced to love all, André and Colette, who have frequently taken the audience into their confidence during this film, turn and ask if they are not perfectly right to overlook each other's little weaknesses. And taking our assent for granted they leave us, presumably to live through the same sort of experiences over again.

Maurice Chevalier is quite at his best in *One Hour with You* and his songs are very much to the point. And there is no doubt that Jeannette Macdonald, who looks more lovely and more luscious than ever before, is his best film partner. She evidently understands him and can play up to him, she enters into the Lubitsch spirit, and she has a personality of her own and a good voice. And when it comes to singing duets with Maurice Chevalier, hers is one of the very few feminine mouths which would not make his seem out of all proportion. Genevieve Tobin and Charles Ruggles are ideally cast as the charming vamp and the adoring swain, but I hated to see my friend Roland Young in the small and unpleasant part of the professor.

I can recommend some other films to suit your various moods. If you want to see a real new charmer, go to the Empire, where they are showing *But the Flesh is Weak*. Her name is Nora Gregor, and in the film she is an Austrian. But I should not be surprised to hear that she was Dutch. However, she should not be missed, whatever her nationality, for she is nearly the most enchanting creature I have ever seen.

If you want to see a new treatment of a murder trial, go to the Regal, where *The Trial of Vivienne Ware* is now running. It is very well done, and little Joan Bennett, Constance's younger sister, is the distressed heroine.

If you are feeling serious go and see Nicolai Ekk's *The Road to Life* at the New Cambridge Theatre. Like all Russian films, it was made with a definite object. And this object is to demonstrate the susceptibility of children to influence, either good or bad, and the possibility of reclaiming them for good when they would seem to have become entirely subject to evil.

To do this the director has shown us a group of the wild children of Moscow, who became such a menace in the early days of the Soviet Government. They are taken to a collective training centre and taught and educated to become honest and hard-working citizens with hopes and ambitions and an object in life. Only the enforced idleness due to the cutting off of their raw supplies brings out some of the bad old symptoms. But the disturbance is quelled by the two boys who were originally the black sheep of the whole flock. And it is these two boys who settle matters with their old gang leader who tries to deprave the others with drink and women.

BARTS IN "THE ISLAND": SOME SOLENT SEA-FARERS



AT COWES: LADY FLOYD, MR. AND MRS. JOHN GRETTON, SIR HARRY FLOYD, AND COLONEL GRETTON, M.P.



MR. LOEL GUINNESS, M.P., AND THE HON. MRS. LOEL GUINNESS



SIR VICTOR AND LADY WARRENDER



VERY ABLE SEAMEN: M. FRANCK GUILLET, SIR RALPH GORE AND M. LEBEC AT RYDE AFTER THE COUPE DE FRANCE RACE

As the result of the glorious weather which has recently prevailed, many people who are not usually afloat till later in the summer have already gone to sea in the Solent. The contest for the Coupe de France, open to yachts of the 8-metre International Class, aroused great interest. France was represented by M. Franck Guillet's "Hantise," England by the defender, Mr. R. B. Worth's "Severn," and the latter, of which Sir Ralph Gore, a well-known member of the Squadron, was helmsman, won, thus keeping the trophy in this country. M. Lebec was one of "Hantise's" crew. The remaining snapshots were all taken on the R.Y.S. jetty at Cowes. Sir Harry Floyd married Colonel Gretton's elder daughter in 1929. Mr. Loel Guinness, whose wife is Lord Churston's sister, is Member for Bath

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

THE racing on the first two days of the First July Meeting is not of much account, but the Thursday with the Princess of Wales' Stakes and the July Cup more than makes up for it. Jacopo staged a come-back in the former and showed that he is the good horse he has always been thought to be since his two-year-old days, when he beat one of my favourites, Rose en Soleil. The latter goes to the stud at the end of the season, and with his breeding, stamina, courage, and conformation should not take long to fill. Violator ran extremely well, and will win good races over a distance in the autumn. The July Cup was a great race, but Lemnarchus hardly gets six furlongs, and Clustine hadn't the best of the start, and Concerto won with more ease than it reads on the book. Lover's Walk is one of the four best two-year-olds out this season, and obliged without being out of a canter, but Scarlet Tiger was a great disappointment after the report of his home gallops. He is back of his knees and went to the post as though he had red hot shoes on. Race-course lunches are proverbially moderate, the idea being that you've got to take what is given you as you can't get anything else, but I'm not alone in saying that I shall take my own loaf of bread and cup of wine to the July course in future.

In the Princess's Stakes, for which everyone had gone banco on Lovers Walk, Tavern nearly gave them heart failure by getting loose and keeping the whole field waiting. The man who went to catch him on a hack also got out of control and for five agonizing minutes they galloped and snorted round each other during which interval it is said a bookmaker laid £1,000 to £1 against him. When eventually he was caught he ran a great race to be second in a good field and is sure to win a good race shortly.

Newmarket, not having been so successful as they had hoped, Ally Pally became a necessity to many, for at this venue one doesn't race for pleasure but because it is on a Saturday and the results are almost always favourable. Seldom has there been such turn-ups anywhere. Only one favourite in the first three all day, and should this happen again one feels that there will be a falling off in subscriptions. The only thing that made the place seem in any way normal was the band, as usual, playing "The Desert Song" of which they have made a feature ever since I can remember.

The Bibury meeting at Salisbury is great fun and, funnily enough, is used as a busman's holiday by lots of bookmakers who don't bet there but go to enjoy themselves. It is generally a benefit for Fred Darling's two-year-olds, and Messrs. Cottrill and Wellesley in the amateur riders' races, but this year they didn't do so well. Lord Carnarvon won on his own horse Patmos, and I cannot do better than quote from a daily paper, "that it is all for the benefit of racing when a man of his standing buys horses to ride himself in these races." There is no doubt the standard of riding in these events is improving, and Mr. Peter Payne Gallwey rode a very nice race on his first winner, Quarter Sessions, for Mr. Harry Brown. Far from



A GREAT TRIO

Jack Jarvis, Basil Jarvis, and W. R. Jarvis, and they all hail from racing G.H.Q.—Jack Jarvis, Park Lodge; Basil, Green Lodge; and W. R., Egerton House, and having the proud honour of being trainer to His Majesty, whose three-year-old Limelight might have registered a Royal success in a classic if he had been entered. Jack Jarvis trains for Lord Rosebery amongst others and has the possible Leger winner, Miracle, in his stable



SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD AND LORD HILLINGDON, M.F.H.

Sir Humphrey de Trafford, well known both as an owner and a G.R., and Lord Hillingdon, the Master of the Grafton, are brothers-in-law, as they married two of the beautiful Cadogan sisters; two other sisters are Lady Stanley and Lady Blandford

being allowed to claim 10 lbs. in riding allowances he should be set to owe five, two hands and a stroke a hole to some of his fellow competitors. It would make these races very interesting if a shade invidious and if a handicap was framed for the riders as well as the horses. It would make a nice spare-time job for Mr. Richards who could grade them, taking into account the distance the riders "got" as well as the horses. One trainer assured me that his horse was well enough and that he would fancy him, but that the jockey was the fly in the ointment. "He was beat before he got up," he said. "He hasn't been on a horse since Lewes and I'm afraid he can't act on a hard saddle."

Newmarket and Ally Pally not having treated me too well, as a last resort I tried "the dogs" on Saturday night at the White City. What organisation! A first-class dinner (race-course restaurateurs please note), betting made easy with the tote, dials to show the approximate tote odds of each dog, and no trouble in getting away. There can be no doubt as to the scrupulous fairness of this racing, and the grading and handicapping are a work of art. It would not be a bad idea to send some of our race-course jockeys to study the methods of some of our canine friends, who use their heads and steal the rails like a Wootton apprentice at Epsom. Games of chance are not allowed in this regulation-ridden country of ours, but this beats any other form of roulette or petits chevaux silly, and in addition is carried out in the fresh air. Their totalizator is an asset, and a big one at that, and so should any properly run one be if not killed by over-capitalization and overheads.

The weights for the Stewards' Cup came out last week, and a nice tricky business it is to find the winner. Poor Lad should be well in the argument, as he won his Newmarket race with ease after having all the bad luck in the race. Unlikely and Gold Bridge are my other two fancies.

THE BIBURY CLUB MEETING



CONTRASTS: LORD PORTMAN AND KEN ROBERTSON



LADY SYBIL PHIPPS HAS A WORD WITH FREDDY FOX



MR. JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD, THE HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY AND MISS "BILLIE" KENNEDY

At last week's meeting at Salisbury of the Bibury Club—a highly exclusive association—one of the tallest of peers and one of the smallest of jockeys provided the camera with a fine study in contrasts. Lord Portman's Early Closing started favourite for the Wilton Handicap but was unplaced to the Leopard



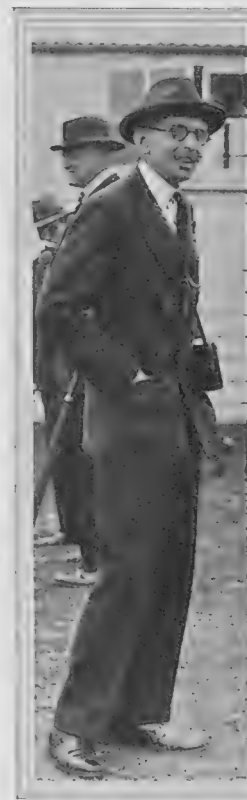
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER GOING TO THE RING WITH HARRY COTTRILL



LADY NOREEN BASS AND ALEC TAYLOR

Sir William Bass's wife takes a tremendous interest in horse sports and goes racing as often as possible. With her here is a very celebrated turf personality whose name will always be associated with Manton though he has now retired into private life. Harry Cottrill was another well-known trainer present and one of his charges won the Dunbridge Plate

The Bibury Club fixtures always attract many well-known racing people. That noted owner, Mr. J. A. de Rothschild, ran Tabasco in the Dunbridge Plate, his jockey being the Hon. Gerald Wellesley whose wife and sister-in-law, Miss Kennedy, were there to see. Mr. Wellesley also rode in the race for the Amateurs' Cup in which the Duke of Gloucester had a mount on Mr. F. A. Clark's Inchcape Light. H.R.H. was first away from the gate, but the event went to Quarter Sessions, admirably ridden by Mr. Payne-Gallwey



LORD PEMBROKE AND LADY KATHARINE LAMBTON LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE



THE HON. SYLVIA COKE

Yevonde

Whose engagement to Mr. Simon Combe, son of Major and Mrs. Boyce Combe of Great Holt, Farnham, Surrey, was recently announced. She is the very pretty elder daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Coke

every door long before the trains have come to a standstill. The town is given over to the East End tripper and even the more depressed landladies are looking up. July is the beginning of their salvation. They are not a lovely herd, these holiday-makers, and they make one wonder in what luxury must live the men who make cheap face-powder, and how early they must be able to retire upon the profits of lip-stick. But most of all I wonder *why*? *Why* such masses of humanity are so necessary to the Divine scheme in relationship to humanity? And all the masses who have gone before—masses and masses and masses of them! And all the masses and masses and masses which will come after the present multitudes are gone. And this perhaps going on for over a million years! Taking the average of saints on a low percentage Heaven must, even so, be very crowded! And as for Hell . . .! While even granting the truth of reincarnation, most of us don't seem to have got very far. So much vacancy where intelligence should be. Such aimless search! So many puerile pilgrimages! Yes, indeed, a holiday crowd of day-trippers does indeed make the permanent residents wonder at the purpose of God and why He takes so long about it! Roughly five generations for one grain of sense! And even then a good half refuse to believe it. It is all most mysteriously queer. It is, I suppose, a good thing that most of us can never realize that anybody ever existed before our generation and the two generations, younger and older, who appear to us to be in the scene only to get in our way! Or that anyone, like unto ourselves, will come after we are gone. We can visualize the living actuality of Jack-the-Giant-Killer no more easily than we can visualize the actuality of Queen Elizabeth. While as for our naked ancestors in their bear-skins and their woad . . .!

* * *

Wales.

One of the great charms of history, however, is to know that everybody in it is *dead*. It somehow makes us feel superior to William the Conqueror to know that we, ourselves, are going home to buns and tea. Romance is always a thing of the past. The kind of actuality which imagination makes of history is ever so much nicer than the kind of actuality which makes us realize that to-morrow we have an appointment with the dentist. And that kind of imagination is a far greater blessing than most of our other possible virtues which, incidentally, nobody believes in until we are dead. It turns every place into a story and every face into a book. The man who travels without imagination is so dull unto himself and others that it would be better if he remain at home, where his boring qualities are lost in a cinema or on a golf course, or wherever may be his spiritual home when freedom is at last his. But this dullness certainly cannot be laid at the door of Mr. H. V. Morton, who has a genius for making the superficially unremarkable a whole source of new interest. I know of no other writer of glorified guide-books who can so suddenly seize upon the one salient feature of any place

Where I Live.

Where I live it is The Season. The better-class inhabitants have let their houses and flats, and those who have been unable to do so walk about as if the town had a bad smell. Every hour of the day the trains vomit their herds, and there is no more refined way of describing the flood of bedecked humanity which oozes out of

he visits, to reveal in a flash its charm or its disappointment; so that those who have lived there all their lives never quite realized before the reason of its enchantment or, peradventure, their dislike of it. In his new book, "In Search of Wales" (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), he has more than ever maintained his own unique level in this respect. Wales, of course, contains some of the loveliest scenery in the British Isles. But beauty is not enough. It is the history, the legends, the native charm which lie behind that beauty which differentiate it from other places of equal loveliness and make it unique unto itself. And Wales teems with history and legends, and all that charm of a foreign culture which begins in language, and thence to an almost wholly undiscovered mental world to those who thus have delved below the similarity of outward circumstance. Consequently this book is as much history as guide. What stories! What legends! And all so interwoven with the history of England that the historical dramas of the two countries cannot be disentangled. Mr. Morton tells them so superbly that to visit Wales without his book is to see Wales only in half. That is, of course, if you be as ignorant and, alas! as prejudiced as many English people are to most things which are Welsh, beyond its lovely scenery and its "rarebit." The book makes one realize once more what beauty and what interest lie for the English traveller at his very door. And yet, the pilgrimage towards the Continent still continues. But if "In Search of Wales" does not turn that pilgrimage back towards the glory which lies at home, then I will suspect more than ever that most travellers are snobs without imagination and without that search for beauty, that intense curiosity, which is the urge of all true voyagers.

Thoughts from "In Search of Wales."

"One of the joys of travelling alone is that you can suddenly change your mind without being called a fool."

"Any place in which men and women have felt deeply retains a pathetic significance. It seems almost as if some part of their passion has scorched the earth."

"The strength of a nation is ultimately not in its cities but in its villages and its small towns: places where the national spirit can thrive in peace."

"University towns always interest and depress me. I would not be twenty again for anything on earth."

"We all loathe war, but we all know that the spirit that holds men together in danger and duty is fine and splendid."

* * *

Hawful 'Appenings!

Violet and her mother, two females of unexciting virtue, stand out like aerial poles in the surrounding dust-heap of crime and

(Continued on p. 54)



Swaebe

"TO-DAY I FEEL SO HAPPY"

Lord Melchett's niece, Miss Claire Hordern, the most engaging three-year-old daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. C. W. Hordern, finds everything in the garden lovely at her home in Kent

FAR TOO DRASTIC!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Domestic: I bin spring cleaning—my old lady's stood it pretty well, considering I've 'ad 'er upside down for three days

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

cocaine which is the theme of Carlyle Maynard's book, "East and West of Soho" (Hamlin Publishing Company. 7s. 6d.). Everyone else is almost preposterously vile, speaking the most preposterously vile Americanized slang. Virtue did not however, run in the family. Ralph Rix, Violet's brother, took cocaine with the best of them. The result was that cocaine-stealing criminals easily extracted from him information which led to the theft of certain valuable insured jewels. Whereat they killed young Rix; which was, however, speedily accomplished. And this speediness was unlike their own murder by the insurance company's secret service man which took nearly 300 pages to perform.

For the rest this gentleman is making love to Violet Rix, and to such good purpose that their wedding fills one entire chapter towards the end. Not that Jameson, the secret service agent in question, is likely to appear in an illuminated page of the recording angel's more holy ledgers. For the reason that he kills a man and makes it look like suicide, besides half strangling a poor harlot of Soho and inciting a band of criminal thieves to murder their leader. But, naturally he does it for the angelic cause, and so it is quite fitting that he should marry Violet of unexciting virtue. The book is apparently fact told as fiction, and it shows plainly enough that "East and West of Soho" is worse than that! Of course, the book belongs to the frustrating form of the Wicked Truth, which begins a lurid story with the remark, "In a house not 100 miles from Piccadilly . . ." And this is always so tantalizing when the more lurid it is the more you want to know the name of the actual street. But if you like horrors and crime and people being "put on the spot, here is a revealing flash-light of "The Life."

Two Almost Very Good Novels.

After reading Miss Daphne du Maurier's novel, "I'll Never Be Young Again" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), I read Vina Delmar's story, "Women Live too Long" (Allan. 7s. 6d.), and although they have nothing in common except a kind of despairing title, there is one feature they share—the chief character is not half so life-like as the back-ground. Indeed, Miss du Maurier's hero, Richard, only just escapes being a card-board bore, just as Miss Delmar's heroine, Iris Arden, the actress, has "been to the pictures" and found the average film-plots stories after her own heart. Both may be said to have thoroughly enjoyed their separate woes. Richard suffered from parental neglect. His father was a famous poet, his mother lived only to keep her husband nicely dusted for public adoration. Between them their child is a lonely little soul. And does he know it? He certainly does! First of all he tells his troubles to Jake, an

older man, who is commonsensical without being cynical. Then he tells it to Hesta in Paris, a girl who gives up her music to become his mistress and under whose peaceful sway he begins to write a novel. Lastly, he tells his troubles to the world in general. So altogether he really had quite a good time, because you see his woes absorbed him—like certain women are absorbed by clothes. But the best part of the book—and it is a very readable novel—is the description of the world through which Richard shoulders his inner troubles. Paris, Scandinavia, London, are all very well described; while, apart from Richard, the other characters are real enough. Moreover, much of the

dialogue is pointed and witty. Which cannot truly be said of Miss Delmar's book. On the other hand, there is an excellent description of theatrical life and the fight a girl has to put up if she would make a real success on the stage apart from her talents. Unfortunately, Iris's pet woe was the belief that she would not live beyond thirty. None of her family ever did, apparently. The belief haunted her. In spite of life bringing her all she had wished for—success and love—she kept, so to speak, her mourning in readiness for any moment after twenty-nine. Trouble, when it did come, however, came in the guise of her devoted husband's absorption in his work, which took him to another town where he became something more by himself than merely Iris Arden's husband. Then it was that she began to ask herself if women live too long? Her world seemed to totter. However, life took her to thirty-one all the same; and although after that she had her own inner disappointments, fate didn't use her too badly. But, as with Richard and as with all those who haven't

really very much to shed tears over in their lives, she made a tremendous drama over the few she had.

Not Nearly so Bad as She was Painted.

When Venice Muir, the heroine of "Lady with a Past" (Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.), by Harriet Henry, was young she was so afflicted with an inferiority complex that she thought no one could possibly love her. Even when Drake Farrelly practically told her that he did Venice felt that, in reality, he only pitied her. So she pitied herself more than ever. A trip to Europe, however, and her meeting with a French marquis, who fell in love with her and committed suicide when she declined him, gave her spirits that tonic which a new hat will accomplish in some women. When she returned to America she found herself the heroine of a newspaper romance. The dead marquis became a glowing past, and on the strength of it she gained the reputation of being so fascinating that Drake Farrelly now felt himself unworthy of her. However, Venice soon proved to him that he wasn't.



Yokel: Why don't 'ee put it back on road?



**CAMILLE HORN, THE FAMOUS FILM STAR,
ARRIVES IN LONDON**

Camille Horn, who is one of the best film actresses who ever came out of Germany and has had a most picturesque career, makes her British talkie début as the heroine in "The Return of Raffles," in which the male lead is played by Harold Huth. Camille Horn will be at the "Come and Be Filmed" Ball at the Carlton on July 11, at which some scenes for "Raffles" will be shot. The ball is in aid of Mrs. Cuthbert Headlam's Employment Scheme for boys and girls in the distressed areas of Northern England, and is under the patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. H.R.H. has graciously consented to attend the première of "The Return of Raffles" when it happens a bit later in the present year.

Photographs by Janet Jevons, Old Bond Street





THE INTER-REGIMENTAL WINNERS: THE R.A. TEAM
W. A. Rouch

The names of this 1932 Royal Artillery team, left to right, are: Captain H. G. Morrison (3), Captain B. J. Fowler (1), Captain H. C. Elton (2), and Captain J. C. Campbell (back). They beat The Scots Greys 8 to 5 in the final after a very good scrap, in which they had to work their passage all the way. The game is referred to in these notes

THE short story of the last scenes in as good an Inter-Regimental Tournament as we have had in London for many years will be conveyed, more or less completely, to all who saw The Bays' v. Greys' semi-final and the R.A. v. Greys' final by the two goal analyses which are subjoined.

Semi-Final, June 29, 1932.

Scots Greys	-	1	0	2	0	2	2	1	=	8
Queen's Bays	-	1	1	2	1	1	1	0	=	7

Final, July 2, 1932.

Royal Artillery	-	1	0	2	3	2	0	=	8
Scots Greys	-	2	0	0	1	2	0	=	5

So far so good! The Royal Artillery played their semi-final v. the 7th Hussars on June 27, and had not to go all out to win 6—1. The only really strenuous game they had had before the Final was in the Ranelagh Open Cup Semi-final on June 22, when they made a dead-heat of it with Someries House, 6 all, and then scratched rather than play it off—a very wise piece of generalship, with the Inter-Regimental in front of them. On handicap, the R.A. were 6 goals inferior to Someries House, so that the excellence of their performance is not questionable, for they had as much of that battle as their quite formidable opponents, and there were many people who saw it who believed that if they had played it out they would have won. Discussion of this is of no present moment. The Gunners had to save their ponies, as they knew only too well that both the Cavalry teams, who were their possible opponents in the final of the Inter-Regimental, were better mounted.

THE semi-final between The Greys and The Bays, on the other hand, was a desperate hard fight and, as the score displays, it was just the spin of a coin which dog got the bone. For all practical intents and purposes they are the same team, and whatever any private opinion may be, the run of the battle can be said to bear this out. Everyone has his own ideas, and mine is that The Bays are a better-knit team. It was the inspiring genius of The Greys' International which brought them up-sides with that regular "Chifney rush" at the finish. Mr. Guinness surpassed himself and came to the rescue when things looked black indeed. The Bays had a lead of 6—3 in the fifth chukker, and I think most of us believed that it was all over. Then came that penalty v. The Bays, 6—4, then another goal which was to Mr. Guinness' credit, though actually hit by The Greys' No. 2, Mr. Findlay,

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

6—5. The last chukker, the sixth, nearly gave some people a heart attack. The Greys drew level 6 all, and they played like a side possessed, Mr. Findlay, Major Gaisford St. Lawrence, and Mr. Guinness particularly covering themselves with honour. Less than four minutes from time they led for the first time 7—6, and it was a regular case of "night or Blücher" for their absolutely breathless supporters. It cannot have been more than about half a minute from the final bell when The Bays' back, Major E. D. Fanshawe, brought off what I thought was the star shot of the match, a good 60-yard cut from almost on the boards. It was then a real toss-up what would happen, and the boldest held his breath when the ball was thrown in for the necessary extra time. It was Mr. Guinness again in beautiful combination with his No. 1, Mr. Findlay, and his No. 2, Mr. Lopes. The No. 2 picked up his No. 3's shot, took it on himself to about the 60-yard line, and then went for The Bays' back and left it to his No. 1, who administered the *coup de grâce*. The ball cannot have been in play two minutes. The Greys deserved every bit of their success, but to lose a fight like this is almost as good as to win it, and I think any handicapper would have his work cut out to separate these two teams. The score shows how steady The Bays were all the way, and they repeated, in my quite humble view, the admirable form they showed in 1929 v. the 17th/21st Lancers, who then only got home by 1 goal. I think their team is admirably balanced and they made no mistakes. That quick trick by The Greys in the extra time is one of those things we see so often in polo. It was thundering well done, but the god of war was just as likely to have tossed "bays" of victory the other way.

WHichever team had emerged it would have had to take on another very bitter scrap with only two days' rest between, against a team whose form in the open had proved to demonstration that it was most definitely formidable. It was also certain, even before The Greys v. Bays' semi-final, that the R.A. team would be fresher than either of its possible opponents. After what happened between The Greys and The Bays, this certainty was doubly certain. My personal opinion is that the Gunner team was the best of the three, and that it would have got home—possibly only by the skin of its teeth, even if all things had been equal as regards dates of play; that is to say, even if its final opponent had had as long an interval before the last battle. The Greys' ponies, on an all-round reckoning, were better and bigger, but at the same time they were not quite over the gruelling they had had in that Wednesday scrap. For the

(Continued on p. viii)



THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS' TEAM

The runners-up in this year's Inter-Regimental. The names, left to right, are: Mr. M. H. E. Lopes (1), Mr. R. L. Findlay (2), Mr. H. P. Guinness (3), and Major C. H. Gaisford St. Lawrence (back). Beaten they were, but most definitely not disgraced. In the semi-final v. The Bays two days before the final, The Greys had had a desperate battle and their ponies undoubtedly were feeling the effects of it. Extra time had to be played

AS OTHERS SEE HER

The Marchioness of Milford Haven



These exceedingly good likenesses of a popular and charming person have just been achieved by the camera. Lady Milford Haven, the younger daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch of Russia, married in 1915 and has a thirteen-year-old son, Lord Medina, and a daughter, Lady Tatiana Mountbatten, who will be fifteen in December. Her husband, a first cousin once removed of H.M. King George, is a Commander in the Senior Service, in which his father, Admiral of the Fleet Prince Louis of Battenberg (subsequently created Marquess of Milford Haven), had such a very brilliant record

*Photographs by
Dorothy Wilding*



FRÄULEIN GRETA GLOGAN

D'Ors, Paris

The beautiful young Viennese actress and film star, who is regarded
—as Greta Garbo's absolute double

TRÈS CHER—Those wise and sober persons who—all passion spent—have reached the years of contemplative living and find their pleasure in recalling their happy yesterdays would have us believe that the day that followed the Grand Prix found Paris a deserted city, and that no true Parisian would dream of being seen in town after that date. *Nous avons changé tout cela* (besides, many of us are not going away this year . . . or so we say!), and Paris is as thronged as ever. Indeed, I have rarely seen such a parking of sumptuous cars, at any time of the year, as there is all day and every day outside the Musée de l'Orangerie (in the Tuileries gardens), where an exhibition of Manet's paintings is being visited by hundreds.

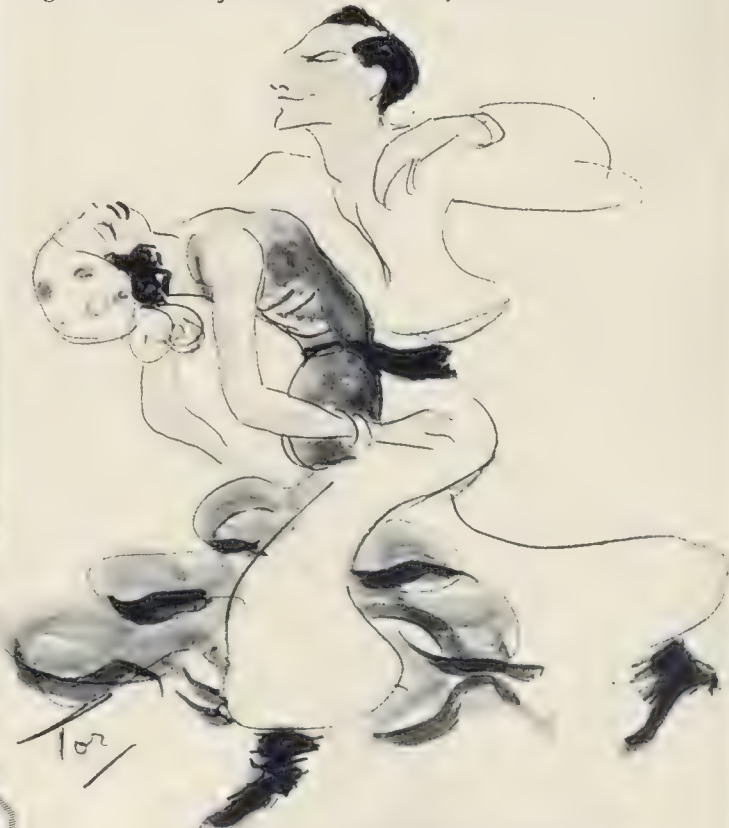


MISS ELSA MAXWELL AND PRINCESS HOHENLOHE, AT THE RITZ, PARIS

The Ritz remains the best place for lunch in Paris, and Miss Elsa Maxwell, whom all Paris knows, has been giving some excellent parties. She is due over in England very shortly. The Princess Hohenlohe was formerly Princess Helen of Greece

Priscilla in Paris

The same applies to the Palais des Beaux-Arts (*le Petit Palais*), where a wonderful collection of the works of Gustave Doré is also on view. This year is the centenarian anniversary of the birth of both great artists, geniuses in their most different ways. Though they certainly must have met, I gather that they were never friends, for Groukowsky tells



HARRY PILCER AND Mlle. RAHNA

An impression by the famous "Tor" of Harry Pilcer and Mlle. Rahna in their sensational Rhumba in the "Revue de la Gaîté," at the Gaîté-Lyrique Theatre. Harry Pilcer was poor Gaby Deslys' dancing partner

us that: "*Doré ne fréquentait pas Manet, Claude Monet, Sisley et pas d'avantage Courbet et les Réalistes*" . . . for Doré was, of course, the greatest romantic illustrator of the nineteenth century; his popularity in England was immense when he visited London—where the Doré Gallery was founded (we haven't one in France)—in 1868, and he was honoured by the friendship of the Prince of Wales. He must have been a great lad with the lassies if one may judge by the outspoken comments of his biographers, who tell us that his beautiful house in the Rue St. Dominique, which once belonged to the Duc de Saint-Simon, was visited by "la Patti, l'Albani, Nilsson, and Sarah Bernhardt, who were not only 'mere acquaintances' to this fashionable and happy man"!

Sarah Bernhardt, indeed, wrote him many love letters, one of which ends with the complacent avowal: "*Je t'embrasse, Ami, et je t'aime autant que peut aimer. . . Sarah Bernhardt*"! Doré returned the compliment, and his "pretty" portrait of "la Divine"—one of his exceptions to his usual manner—shows an idealised interpretation of her beauty, but it records infinitely less character than the great actress possessed even in those earlier days of her career.

On the other hand, what a vivid, living thing is Manet's study of Berthe Morisot (*Berthe Morisot au bouquet de violettes*), that seems to have been thrown on to the canvas in the fine, careless rapture of a first impression. What "atmosphere" he created! I can remember, in my childhood, during a visit to the Luxembourg Gallery, having been rushed past the then considered scandalous picture of "Olympia," that Paul Valéry has

since described as "*la nue et froide Olympia, monstre d'amour banal que complimente une négresse*"! In those days one portrait-of-the-nude must have been very much as any other in my eyes, and yet I seem to remember feeling a curious thrill at the contrast of the blank-eyed inanity of the courtesan's face above the luscious curves of her entirely unveiled body. But this, no doubt, was merely due to my governess's exaggerated solicitude for my innocence, a solicitude which drew my attention to the picture in the very way that she wished to avoid. (In ordinary times this canvas is now to be found at the Louvre, where it was transferred from the Luxembourg by order of Clemenceau, who wished to honour the memory of the great painter who had been his friend.)

There has been a good deal of angry comment by the French critics, who, very rightly, complain of the state of preservation in which this picture has been kept. In several places the paint has dried and cracked, and bitter are the



Manasse

MISS BEE JACKSON, IN VIENNA

The American girl who is now in Vienna, showing the natives how to dance the Rhumba. At the conclusion of her present engagement she is booked for Istanbul and Berlin, after which she comes to London, where, it is said, she may appear at the Piccadilly

An exclusive photograph, just received in London



THE LADY OF THE LEGS

Mistinguett in her Chinese drawing-room at her country house at Louveciennes, where she is having a badly needed rest after playing all the winter in Paris. She starts a tour in Europe shortly

remarks anent the way the "Beaux-Arts" takes care of its masterpieces. Certainly the happy-go-lucky method in which many of the National Art Treasures are housed in this country forms a regrettable contrast with, for instance, the care lavished on Manet's famous picture of "Le Bar des Folies Bergère," now belonging to M. Samuel Courtauld, who has loaned it

to this exhibition. It was sent over from London by airplane, and hangs, under glass, in a double frame, to which is attached a small thermometer and, as far as I can see, a weather glass. I did not like to ask the guardian of the *musée*, but I wonder whether, at night, they use hot-water bottles or ice-bags—as occasion arises.

I have been, this week, to several musical parties at private houses, and have been astonished at the excellence of the amateur performances I have heard. M. and Mme.

Edmond Roger gave us an hour with "les Opérettes Modernes," and I have rarely heard Reynaldo Hahn's "Mozart" and "Brummel," and Louis Beydt's "Moineau," rendered more brilliantly than by Mme. Delpeuch, or the septet from Honegger's "Roi Pausole" by the same singer and six friends, who must have worked amazingly hard to obtain such a perfect result.

Another brilliant amateur pianist is Mme. Alexander Sienkiewicz, who accompanied—and what a *rara avis* is a really good accompanist!—the well-known singer, M. Jouatte, through an eclectic programme that went from some of Schubert's most exquisite melodies to the more modern but delightful dissonances of Debussy's "Chevaux de Bois," and comprised other enchanting pages from Mozart, Brahms, Strauss, Joseph Marx and Fauré. At this party I had the joy of meeting an exquisite little old lady; blue-eyed (the real forget-me-not blue), white-haired, extremely frail in appearance and yet gallantly gay in spirit. She was the widow of Alexandre Dumas fils, the author of *Demi-Monde*, *l'Ami des Femmes*, and the world-famous novel and play, *La Dame aux Camélias*. I wish I had space to tell you some of the entertaining stories she had to tell of the actresses who have played the rôle of the celebrated "Marguerite," but they would need a special article to do them justice. I will merely add, however, that she has never heard of Tallulah Bankhead, and for such a great mercy may we be truly grateful. With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.

IN PARIS: SIR CHARLES AND LADY MENDEL

Outside the Ritz in Paris last week. Sir Charles Mendl is Financial Adviser to the British Embassy, and Lady Mendl was formerly Miss Elsie de Wolfe, of New York. Sir Charles was in our Intelligence Service during the war. He and his wife give wonderful parties at their "Villa Trianon" at Versailles

LONDON'S GARDEN-PARTY SPIRIT



H.H. "RANJI" ATTENDS
THE 'VARSITY MATCH



H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT
AND MRS. FEARNLEY-WHITTINGSTALL

At Lady Wavertree's annual "star" gazing party at Sussex Lodge in aid of Invalid Children charities. Mrs Fearnley-Whittingstall was one of the many noted lawn tennis players providing an eye-ful of entertainment



ALSO WATCHING TENNIS: MRS. ELINOR
GLYN AND MRS. REDMOND McGRATH

The camera had a busy afternoon at Sussex Lodge, for celebrities were present in force. Princess Ingrid of Sweden, who is seen with her uncle by marriage, Lady Patricia Ramsay's husband, looked particularly charming. It was obvious that Mrs. Elinor Glyn and Mrs. Redmond McGrath were in tremendous form and Mrs. Percy Bennett's pseudo-Spanish effect was good. H.H. the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar (still "Ranji" to the multitude), who rarely misses a 'Varsity match, was in his usual box at Lord's, and watched with a distinctly critical eye the opening day's somewhat uninspiring cricket



AT SUSSEX LODGE: MRS. PERCY
BENNETT AND HER DAUGHTER



H.H. PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN WITH
REAR-ADMIRAL THE HON. ALEXANDER RAMSAY



WELL MATCHED AT HEADFORT

A good gathering of golfers
in County Meath

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



MIXED FOURSOMES PARTNERS

Lord Headfort and Mrs. Leatham setting out to do battle in the Headfort tournament, a very popular annual golfing fixture in County Meath. The course, for which Lord Headfort provided a good deal of the land, was opened some three years ago and is now in excellent condition. Mrs. Leatham is the wife of Colonel Leatham, a scratch golfer. Other feminine competitors included Lady Mary Montagu, the Duke of Manchester's elder daughter, and the Hon. Mrs. Robert Jenkinson, who is Lord Harcourt's sister

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM
HICKIE WITH MRS. RHODES

LADY MARY MONTAGU
AND THE HON. MRS.
ROBERT JENKINSON



LADY HEADFORT LOOKS ON

Being only just convalescent after her recent illness, Lady Headfort was unable to take part in the contests, but saw what she could from her wheel-chair. She annually presents a Cup for competition, at the Headfort Tournament—a most desirable award. This year it was won by Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Rhodes, who is seen with Senator Sir William Hickie, being runner up. Miss Dorothy Pearson, the English international, was one of the large house-party at Headfort for the occasion; other guests were Lady Farnham's brother, Major Coote, and Lord Forster's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont Pease



UP AND DOING: MAJOR COOTE, THE HON. MRS. BEAUMONT PEASE,
MISS DOROTHY PEARSON AND CAPTAIN IAN ERSKINE, SCOTS GREYS

ENTERTAINMENTS
à la CARTEBy
ALAN BOTT

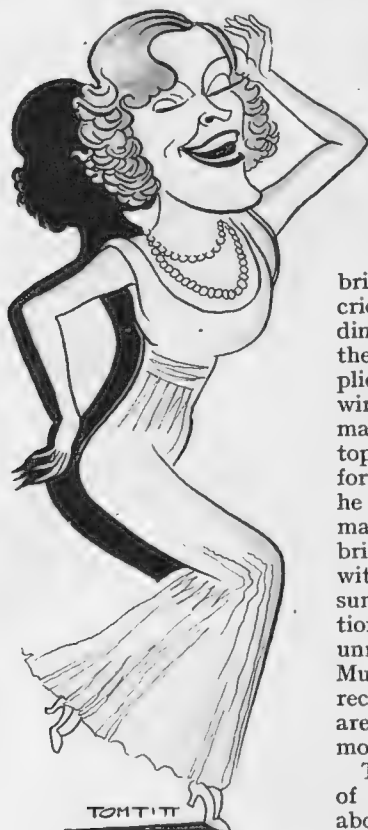
"WHEN THE DRUM GOES WHAM"—FRANCES DAY

OUT OF THE BOTTLE is the very thing for the school holidays or a family party, or to bring laughter to your Aunt Muriel, who loves to be shocked gently so long as there is no real impropriety. It is a midsummer pantomime with musical-comedy trimmings and a better outline than comes from the pantomimes at Christmas.

Anstey's magical fantasy, *The Brass Bottle*, exactly suits the Hippodrome, and in particular Mr. Julian Wylie's methods of production. Although the show's last scene is the inevitable night club, the rest of it follows fairly closely the novelist's plot, which is ready-made for the slapstick and the spectacular. Uncork a bottled-up djinn in a studio used by two Cubist painters afflicted by love affairs, and there is evident chance for tuppence-coloured topsyturvydom.

Mr. Wylie makes the most of it. The djinn brings diamonds the size of cricket balls, turns the artists' dining-room into something like the R.A.C. Turkish bath multiplied by twenty, and uses ballet wires to carry his unwilling master over the London house-tops. And he is a good excuse for a big display of bedwear; he puts all London into pyjamas and nightdresses, so as to bring the inhabitants into line with the maidens whom he has summoned, with the best intentions, into the heroes' beds and unready arms. Keeping Aunt Muriel in mind, it should be recorded that the night-clothes are comely but sedate, and more hilarious than revealing.

There is, moreover, a sort of Alice in Wonderland sanity about the djinn's Arabian outlook. Here are two young men who want something easily

PRETTY POLLY
WALKERMIDSUMMER
PANTOMIME

obtainable by a magician. Let them have it forthwith. Why do they thrust the suddenly arrived maidens away, and why assume embarrassment? Would Haroun-el-Reschid, Suleiman-bin-Daoud or Maarouf the Cobbler, would even Leila or Fatmah, have been so hypocritical when placed in their desired ones' arms? You bet they wouldn't. Down among the fundamentals, the djinn's attitude is less naïve than those of his twentieth-century victims.

Out of the Bottle, meanwhile, provides good low comedy, although it is not high art. The Hippodrome additions to the Anstey story harmonise with its wild foundation. The two young artists, thirsty when they wake up from an Oriental orgy, drink from their cooled hot-water bottles. The djinn, searching for an elixir to save him from modern industrialism, finds one in the knock-out cocktails that trick him into getting corked up for a few more centuries.

There are puns ("hips that pass in the night") that would have suited Anstey's *Punch* in the eighteen-eighties. The light comedian says he has finished with blondes—he wants a woman that you can't see in the dark. All of which may read like the *Pink 'Un*, or *Ally Sloper* that was, but as performed it can make you willingly laugh, brother, if Bloomsbury be not your spiritual home.

The songs are undistinguished and decidedly pleasant; one of them—"The Moon and Sixpence"—is liable to be whistled everywhere. The Debroy Somers orchestra gives them twice their normal value. The dancing is, at any rate, happy. Frances Day is an able cabaret performer; Polly Walker is nice and pretty. Peggy Taylor, who lets herself be flung right across the stage and back again, is the most graceful human Rugger-ball in the world, and would remain so if any others adopted the profession of human Rugger-ball. Clifford Mollison carries more than half the humour with attractive ease. His boy-friend the djinn is competently undertaken by Cecil Humphreys, whose bulk would need, if his appearance and disappearance were not contrived by illusion, a gargantuan bottle one hundred times the size of a Jeroboam.

CLIFFORD
MOLLISON
AND HIS
BOY-FRIEND
THE DJINN

FANFARE FOR TIN TRUMPETS



VIOLET LORAINÉ AS A DOWAGER-QUEEN OF THE CIRCUS

lighting, and curtains were still erratic on the first night. The gallery behaved abominably to Joe Cook, the much-boomed American comedian, because it did not understand his rapid burbling (the poor acoustics of the Prince Edward Theatre were more to blame than the producer's early misjudgment of English ear-drums). A sudden announcement came that the fifth performance was likely to be the last. Thereupon hundreds of people who wanted to see Violet Loraine, or had read June's prattlings in a Sunday paper, hurried to the theatre before it might be too late. The queue for stalls, waiting before a slow box-office which muddled the publicity occasion, was there until half an hour after the show began. Lights Out was not blown, and the call may be postponed for some time.

The reprieve should last as long as maybe, because of the good things amid much noise and twittering. Here are some of them. Brilliant sets and dresses by Mr. Joseph Reynolds. Deftly turned lyrics. Excellent chorus-work, on what have become rather old-fashioned lines. The Condos Brothers, agile dancers. A conductor furious with arms and hands over music not worth his perspiration. Joyce Barbour, whose jolly appearance always promotes good humour. And Violet Loraine, back after sixteen years, with the same heartiness and vitality that made her John Bull's Best Girl in the wartime *Bing Boys*. She restores "If You Were the

THE bugler in camp plays much that is welcome between Reveille and Lights Out (his "Come to the Cookhouse Door, Boys" sounds sweeter than the nightingale to hungry men). I am afraid that his repertory is limited in *Fanfare*, the new revue which associates itself with bugles. It had months of preparation and five weeks of trial outside Central London. Alas for the competent large cast that rehearsed so long with such patience. It became in the end a fanfare for shrill tin trumpets.

After so many preliminaries, the mechanics of timing,



JOE COOK

And
Tinkle,
Tinkle,
Little June



JOURNALIST AND ANIMATED DOLLY: JUNE RETURNS

Only Girl in the World," as taken from the old Alhambra to thousands of dug-outs in France; and the sentimental British shout their remembered homage.

Joe Cook is also prominent among the goodish things, although in terms of European humour he is not the comic demi-god as announced. He is what variety bills used to call "protean." He dances, juggles, wisecracks, acrobats and does strong-man stuff with equal ease and a hail-fellow manner. He uses odd, huge, mechanical gadgets as though they were pocket handkerchiefs.

What shall I say of June? If, fascinated by its tinkling narrative, you have happened to read her Sunday life-story, you may go to the theatre with a prejudice against the lady who has thrust at the public so much about other people that is better kept private. But you will leave the theatre feeling sorry for her, if you are at all sensitive. She moves prettily, warbles quite nicely, wears sweet clothes, trips down stairways from gorgeous curtains that unfold for her; and she radiates about as much personality as could come from an animated dolly. The audience rises as one man and

woman to Vi Loraine's energy, and are polite but aloof to June's daintiness. Tinkle, tinkle, little June; and good luck to the hidden guts which you seem to possess beneath a faint stage presence!

There is nothing else worth saying about *Fanfare* unless, as a reasonably honest guide, I record that most of the tunes are noisy without being vulgar; that the sketches are futile (the exception being a pungent item on slander, by Mr. Beverley Nichols); and that the male chorus, in green suitings and mustard suitings, seem as resplendent, and about as virile, as King Solomon's wives in all their glory.

Let us, please, have Violet Loraine in other revues; and let Joe Cook go big at the Palladium, where he would be more at home.



A NAVY WEEK BALL AT SCARBOROUGH

Victor Hey

Scarborough laid itself out to do the Navy well when H.M.S. "Rodney" and H.M.S. "Valiant," both battleships, visited that seaport. "Rodney" is one of the only two post-Jutland battleships in the Navy, her sister-ship being the "Nelson." "Valiant" is the same type as the famous "Q.E." "Rodney" and "Nelson" are the only two ships with 16-inch guns as their main armament. The ball in honour of the ships, at which the Mayor and Mayoress of Scarborough (Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Butler) were present, was held in the Grand Hotel, and about 400 people were there. In this group are: Captain Tovey (H.M.S. "Rodney"), Mrs. Wormald, wife of Major Wormald, both well known in the Yorkshire hunting world, and Mrs. Wormald was one of the hostesses; Mrs. E. H. Robinson, another hostess; the Mayor of Scarborough, Rear-Admiral W. F. French, of the flagship "Valiant"; Mrs. Francis Whittaker, Capt. W. C. G. Maxwell (H.M.S. "Valiant") Mrs. Maxwell and Mr. F. C. Whittaker



AT THE HON. DAVID AND MRS. TENNANT'S PARTY:
THE HOSTESS, MISS PEGS JEVONS AND MR. E. H.
TATTERSALL



AND: LADY PATRICIA
MOORE AND MR.
TONY BELCHER



MRS. WOOLLEY-HART'S COSTER PARTY: SIR GEORGE
AND LADY PICKETT AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER

Both the parties which are illustrated in the pictures in the lower half of this page went with a definite bang, that popular hostess Mrs. Woolley-Hart's being the most original in its conception, as everyone had to come in the last word in Covent Garden suitings and played up to the spirit of the thing very well, Mr. Cochran's kit being a particular success, with Sir George Pickett running him pretty close. Mrs. David Tennant's party was at the Gargoyle Club. Mr. E. H. Tattersall, D.S.O., late 5th D.G's., who is in the group with her, was badly wounded in the war. Mr. Tony Belcher jr., who is with Lady Patricia Moore, Lord Drogheda's daughter, is a son of the famous A.R.A. whose work is such a constant feature in this paper



MR. AND MRS. C. B. COCHRAN—
PEARLIES AND ALL



A. B. BRISCOE, PAT BEASLEY, AND THE HON. DOROTHY PAGET

In addition to Bassenthwaite (winner of this year's Nonsuch Stakes at Epsom), Insurance (second in the Queen's Prize at Kempton), and other good horses, Miss Dorothy Paget also owns the big Bentley in which Sir Henry Birken breaks records at Brooklands. A. B. Briscoe took all her horses to Newmarket more or less recently

The advertisement is a collage of images promoting Dunlop products. At the top center is a large, detailed Dunlop tire with a deep tread pattern. The words "DUNLOP REINFORCED" are visible on the sidewall, and "MADE IN ENGLAND" is at the bottom. Below the tire is a white tennis ball with "DUNLOP" printed on it. To the left, a tennis player in a white outfit is shown in a ready stance. To the right, a golfer in a white shirt and dark trousers is captured mid-swing. At the bottom left, a golf ball with a grid pattern and the number "3" is shown. At the bottom right, a small scene depicts two golfers on a green. A dark banner with gold lettering spans the middle of the advertisement.

In a Class by Themselves

OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF FRANCE

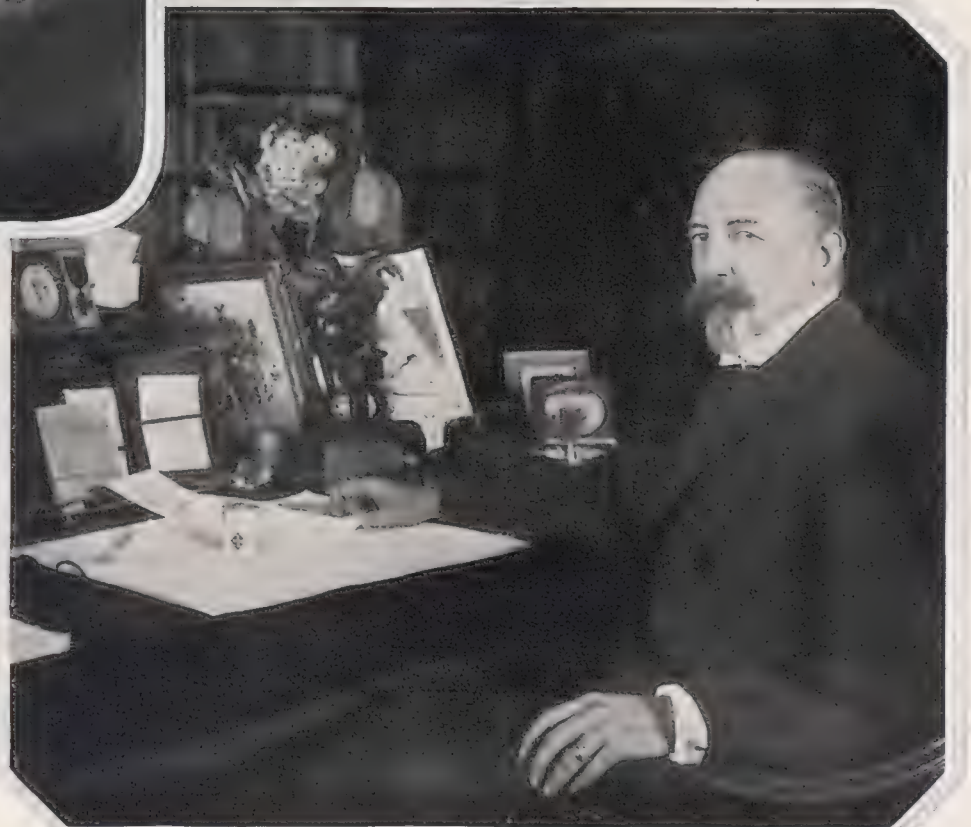


THE COMTE AND COMTESSE DE PARIS AND THEIR DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS ISABELLE-VICTORIA

The members of the French Royal House of Orléans live in Belgium in technical exile, and the beautiful Manoir d'Anjou is the home of the Pretender to the throne of France, the Duc de Guise. Prince Henri, Comte de Paris, is the only son of the Duc de Guise, and his marriage to his cousin, the Princesse Isabelle d'Orléans-Braganza, took place in Palermo on April 8, 1931, the Prince then being 22 and his bride 19. The Comtesse de Paris is the daughter of Prince Dom Pedro de Alcantara, formerly Pretender to the throne of Brazil. The wedding took place in the 800-year-old Cathedral of Palermo, and amongst the fifty-seven Royal personages who were present was ex-Queen Amelia of Portugal. H.M. King George V. of Great Britain was represented by Sir Ronald Graham, the British Ambassador



AT THE MANOIR D'ANJOU, BELGIUM: The Duc and Duchesse de Guise, ex-Queen Amelia of Portugal, and the Comte and Comtesse de Paris



THE DUC DE GUISE, PRETENDER TO THE THRONE OF FRANCE



A SUMMER DAY

By LIONEL



Y IN TIPPERARY

EDWARDS, R.I.

ABDULLA MAGIC

Salisbury
'Turkish'
with the
Hall Mark
"Abdulla"



Salisbury
'Virginia'
with the
Hall Mark
"Abdulla"

CHESS

Drooping sprays of blossom, and cypress pillars yonder
Contemplate our duel through languid hours of heat;
In the Red Pavilion how happily we ponder
Merciless advances and the cunning of defeat . . .

When your queen surrendered, the musk-rose shed a petal,
Shadows brush our chessboard—and lo, the evening breeze!
Farewell pawns and castles and knights of gallant mettle.
Are not loved Abdullas more marvellous than these?

F. R. HOLMES.

TRY THE NEW ABDULLA SALISBURY
'TURKISH' OR 'VIRGINIA'
ONLY 5/- A HUNDRED



The Artist : You 'see, I'm trying to express myself !

By CANTRELL



THE BAT AND BALL GAME: SOME RECENT FORM



THE HARROW WANDERERS TEAM AT HARROW

The names are (left to right), back row: M. F. Kemp, J. N. H. Foster, J. F. Robinson, W. E. Crawley, A. S. Lawrence, R. H. Palmer and W. O'B Lindsay. In front: C. M. Andreae, C. T. Bennett, the Hon. R. Anson (Captain), Major F. R. Brooke and F. O. G. Lloyd



HARROW SCHOOL TEAM v. THE HARROW WANDERERS

The names are (left to right), back: E. B. Peel, T. M. Heaton, P. M. Borwick, R. Pullbrook, S. Strange, J. H. Pawle and J. R. Simpson. In front: M. Tindall, N. B. Clive, F. E. Covington (Captain), G. F. D. Haslewood and A. S. B. Gascoyne



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY v. MR. H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER'S XI.

Back row (left to right): E. Cawston, E. W. Dawson, L. S. H. Summers, R. C. Rought-Rought, N. W. Hardy, J. H. Human. Second row: W. H. Webster, A. G. Powell, H. Martineau, K. Farnes, A. G. Pelham, R. de W. K. Winlaw, A. W. G. Haddingham, E. G. Stroud. Front row: A. Ratcliffe, G. E. V. Crutchley, D. R. Wilcox, F. T. Mann (Captain), A. G. Hazelrigg (Varsity Captain), G. C. Newman, J. T. H. Comber, H. M. Garland-Wells



ETON COLLEGE v. I ZINGARI

E. W. Dawson, N. S. Hotchkin, J. O. G. Stevens, G. H. Dixon, C. Bewicke, G. Cox, H. G. Keigwin, K. H. R. Johnson, N. F. Turner, G. Hurst (umpire), R. Aird (Captain, I Zingari), H. Birkbeck-Etheridge (umpire), N. E. Baker (Eton Captain), J. S. Owen, J. Turnbull, P. F. Warner, A. G. H. Cassells, N. M. Ford, Major R. T. Stanyforth, J. L. T. Guise, G. C. Newman, M. D. S. Ward, P. F. Remnant, J. C. Atkinson-Clarke, C. K. Hill-Wood, G. B. Branch

This page makes rather a useful little book of form to recent important events, as in it are contained both Eton's and Harrow's winding-up gallops before last week's encounter at Lord's, and also the record of what happened in the trial Cambridge had, as usual, with Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower's XI. The Harrow v. Harrow Wanderers match, twelve a side, was a draw. The School got 263 and 143 for eight (declared)—a good show; and the Harrow Wanderers 303 and 73 for four. The Cambridge v. Leveson-Gower's XI. match at Eastbourne was a draw; Leveson-Gower's 215 and 282; and Cambridge got 411 for seven declared and 90 for four. In the Eton v. I Z match at Eton the School in their first innings got 206 for five declared; and then the I Zingari got 207 for four, so the result was left rather in the air

Photographs by R. S. Crisp



AT THE CAMBRIDGE v. LEVESON-GOWER XI. MATCH

The names are (left to right), standing: Mrs. G. E. V. Crutchley and Lord Richard Nevill. Seated: Mrs. Cecil Hankey, Mrs. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower and Lady Joan Villiers

SIGNED TOM TITT: THEATRICAL STARS AS MURAL DÉCOR



MISS DOROTHY DICKSON (ONE OF THE VICTIMS) WITH MRS. BECKLES WILSON



THE ARTIST OBSERVES HIS WORK

Tom Titt, the noted "Tatler" caricaturist, beside one of the three panels of theatrical personalities with which he has adorned the walls of the Caviare Bar in Leicester Square. The unveiling of these brilliantly clever efforts was done by Mr. R. H. Gillespie of Moss Empires



MRS. DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD SHOWS HER HORRIFIED HUSBAND HIS PORTRAIT

Several of the victims of Tom Titt's admirable talent for caricature were present at the Caviare Bar when his mural decorations were first introduced to the public. Mrs. Douglas Wakefield, who is Gracie Fields' sister, was determined that her husband should not miss himself, and Miss Dorothy Dickson obligingly sat near her own particular representation, which can be observed in the top left-hand corner of the photograph. The knowledgeable will easily recognize the other famous faces delineated here, which include Gladys Cooper, Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, Noel Coward, Gwen Farrar, Hannen Swaffer, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Owen Nares, George Robey, W. H. Berry, Cyril Hardwicke, Bobby Howes, Nelson Keys, Leslie Henson, Jack Buchanan, Jack and Claude Hulbert, Cecily Courtneidge, Francis Lederer, Richard Tauber, A. W. Baskcombe, Jack Barty and Maurice Chevalier



A CONCENTRATION OF CELEBRITIES

Photographs by Sasha

SOME STARS IN THE ORBITS



GENEVIEVE
TOBIN



ROBERT MONTGOMERY.
AUBREY SMITH.
HEATHER
THATCHER
AND ANOTHER



JOAN MARSH
AND ROBERT YOUNG



ROBERT MONTGOMERY AND HEATHER THATCHER IN "BUT THE
FLESH IS WEAK"

The new Metro Goldwyn-Mayer film, "But the Flesh is Weak," is founded on Ivor Novello's well-known play, "The Truth Game," and, as will be seen, has a very strong batting side to put it across. Aubrey Smith, with a part made for him, Heather Thatcher and Robert Montgomery are the leading lights. Genevieve Tobin is in "One Hour With You," in which the other big guns are Maurice Chevalier, the famous French actor, and Jeannette Macdonald, and at the time of going to press its popularity is unabated at the Carlton Theatre in London. Pretty Joan Marsh and Robert Young were not acting in any film when the interesting picture on this page was taken



LUNCH TIME AT TWICKENHAM: MR. IVOR NOVELLO AND MISS ELIZABETH ALLAN

A snapshot in the Twickenham film studios during the construction of the new British picture, "The Lodger." The hound seems to be feeling rather out of it. Mr. Novello's play, "Party," is running at the Strand Theatre and doing well

HE found an extra ten-shilling note in his pay envelope one week, and kept quiet about it. The mistake, however, was discovered, and his next week's wages were ten shillings short. Whereupon he complained, and was asked why he had made no mention of the fact when he was given ten shillings too much.

"Well," he replied, "I didn't say anything the first time, but when it comes to two mistakes it's time I spoke about it!"

The players in the orchestra were filing into their places after the interval. "Mummy," said a small boy in the audience, "have they just had their dinner?"

"Why, dear?" asked his puzzled parent.

"Well, it says on the programme: 'Part II. will have the assistance of a fuller orchestra.'"

It was lunch-time, and Pat and Mike were indulging in a little game of cards. "Was that last card I dealt ye a spade?" asked Mike, picking up his "hand."

"Yes, it was a spade," returned Pat suspiciously.

"Oi thought it was," smiled Mike.

"How did ye know?" inquired the other Irishman.

"'Twas easy, Pat," explained Mike. "Ye spat on your hands before you picked it up."

The manager and the chief clerk were discussing the new typist.

"What do you think of her?" asked the manager. "How is she doing her work?"

The chief clerk looked a little doubtful. "Well, I don't know," he said, "but she spells atrociously."

"Really!" said the manager. "She must be pretty good, then. I'm sure I couldn't spell it."

A motorist was helping his victim, who happened to be extremely fat, to rise from the ground.

"Couldn't you have gone round me?" he growled.

"Sorry!" said the motorist airily; "I wasn't sure whether I had enough petrol"

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

Ikey went to order a new suit and his wife went with him. After inspecting a number of materials he found one to his liking, and found that the suit would cost him six guineas. Ikey considered this excessive, and said so. After some argument, the tailor said: "The price of this suit is six guineas; I am sorry I can make no reduction."

Ikey still seemed to hesitate, when his wife, losing patience, snapped: "Oh, Ikey, give the man his money, and don't be so Scotch!"

A Scotsman approached an attendant on a bowling green and handed him twopence.

"What's this for?" asked the attendant.

"A game of bowls, laddie," replied the Scot.

"Yes, but the fee is sixpence. Read the board."

"I hae done that," said the Scot, with a wink. "It says 'Fees for the green, sixpence a game'; but I'm nae green."

The son of the house had just returned from school for the holidays, and his report was far from satisfactory. After reading it with growing anger, his father growled: "I'm losing patience with you! You're wasting your time and my money. How is it that Jones, who is younger than you, is always ahead of you?"

"You forget, Dad," was the reply, "that Jones has awfully clever parents."

Mr. Jones was reading to his wife an account in a newspaper of a naturalist's death.

"Reaching for a rare plant, he slipped over the cliff, and as he fell he gathered momentum——"

"Oh, George," interrupted Mrs. Jones, "what an enthusiast he must have been! Fancy picking flowers even as he fell to his doom."

A man called on his bank manager the other day and asked what, in these hard times, is not exactly an unfamiliar question. "Can I have an overdraft?" he said.

The manager smiled wryly, and said: "Yes, would you care to have mine?"



MRS. JASPER MASKELYNE AND JASMINE

The famous magician and his wife and family are having a badly needed holiday at Cliftonville, Mr. Jasper Maskelyne's first time off duty for ages. He appeared at the recent Royal Command performance and is organising a special show at Marlborough House, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital



DEMEYER

The world's most successful trilogy a lovely face...a slender figure...a clever wardrobe

When they're united, you stand... when they're divided, you fall... so completely related are these three phases of beauty • As for the clever wardrobe, of course you will have to do your own assembling. But then clothes were never lovelier, more wearable, more devastatingly attractive than this season's collections. So Elizabeth Arden says, "Each to her taste... and have a good time buying them." It is with what goes under and above the clothes that Elizabeth Arden deeply concerns herself. Your body... and your face. And no matter how attractive your clothes are, they will go by the boards if lines on your face keep anyone from ever seeing your pert hat, if your make-up fails to harmonize with your costume, and if a thick waist throws your lovely striped town frock off balance • And so Elizabeth Arden urges you, for your very own sake, to take face and figure, as well as fashion, into consideration when you search your soul for an answer to the cosmic question, "How can I look irresistibly *soignée*?" One-third of the answer is your dressmaker... two-thirds is Elizabeth Arden • So don't be cross with your favourite shops for not having the colours you've made yourself a slave to... or for having fashions that are unsuitable to the rotundities of your figure • Periodic visits to Elizabeth Arden's Salons for face and figure treatments, with faithful morning-and-night application of Elizabeth Arden's Preparations at home, and the thoughtful use of Miss Arden's Make-up Accessories, will do wonders for your new costumes!

Make the Most of Your Charm With these Elizabeth Arden Make-up Accessories:

ARDENA POWDER... A lovely powder for those who demand ultra quality. Twelve exquisite shades, 12/6
VENETIAN ROUGE AMORETTA... Delicate Cream Rouge, 8/6
VENETIAN EYE SHA-DO... Adds allure to your eyes. In a number of shades, 4/6

VENETIAN EYELASH COSMETIQUE... Darkens the lashes and turns them prettily upward. Box with brush... several shades, 5/6

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S LIPSTICK ENSEMBLE... a box containing six different shades, a colour to harmonize with every costume, 32/6. Individual lipsticks, 6/6

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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BETWEEN FACE, FIGURE
AND FASHION IS
important...



• Elizabeth Arden's Muscle-Strapping Skin Toning Treatment, with the additional attention which your type of skin requires, is the most effective tonic your face could have. And Oh, the grand luxury of relaxing in a soft chaise longue and letting the world go by!



• Have you ever seen Elizabeth Arden's Exercise Girls execute their rhythmic dances? Their slender hips and tiny waistlines are evidence of the effectiveness of these marvellous exercises. The floor-to-ceiling mirrors in Miss Arden's Exercise Rooms have witnessed many remarkable transformations from obesity to slenderness... from awkwardness to grace



• And now your face and your figure will justify the time and money you have spent in assembling your lovely new wardrobe. How pleasingly cinched-in your waistline is... how slender your hips and arms. Elizabeth Arden is pleased. Aren't you?

PARIS • BERLIN • ROME

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Pictures in the Fire "SABRETACHE" By

ALTHOUGH we may not be able to capture any records at the lawn tennis game, from information received I gather that the record in another department of "Sport," alleged to be held by the late Mr. James Joynes, who in the far-back pre-Warre period was Lower Master at a rather well-known up-river educational establishment, is in great danger of being lowered. It was said of Mr. Joynes, whom some of his pupils, had the temerity to call "Jimmy," that he used to keep his hand in when "business" was slack by practising on a Gladstone bag, or some such receptacle. He had an absolutely unerring eye. "Extras" in that epoch were much cheaper than they are said to be to-day, when I hear that half a dozen cost 7s. 6d., as against a dozen for ten bob in those more spacious days. Better times being in store for all of us, let us hope that soon we shall hear of a prospect of a fair business discount on taking a quantity.

Apropos all the chat about a return of the monarchy in Germany, the "official" denial that the gentleman whom a few years ago we were accustomed to call "Little Willie" is not visiting England in either an "official" or private capacity, seems to have been somewhat redundant, because his ex-Royal Highness has no official position in Republican Germany. As to a visit in his private capacity, that is another matter, but we

Luck now quite unexpectedly for a few days to call on a political prisoner, so it was said, his staff were fully convinced that he had been kidnapped, and that it was done by the wicked English to procure a declaration of war before.



Abbe

HERR ADOLF HITLER

It is said that there is only one thing of which Herr Hitler is afraid, and that is the photographer. Bavaria does not frighten him, apparently, but he would not look the camera in the eye when this was taken

the German Fleet was as ready for it as the All-Highest wanted it to be! It caused quite a lot of merriment at the time and the Crown Prince enjoyed the jest as much as anyone.

His ex-R.H. was then more English than the English themselves, and someone, who knew him fairly well, recalls the occasion when he swopped uniforms with an officer in a heavy cavalry regiment of which the Kaiser was the Colonel-in-Chief, and insisted upon a picture being taken—a few copies only of which were ever printed. He tried his best to learn how to play polo, and also had a dash at that dangerous pastime called pig-sticking—the pursuit on a horse of the very savage wild boar. Everyone rather liked him, and his many escapades were vastly entertaining.

Whilst it may be perfectly correct that the word "assassin" is derivable from "Hashish," the invigorating dope which the Assassins mostly favoured, I have always been under the impression that the word derived from Hasan Al Sabbáh, who was one of the principal "operators" of those times in ancient Persia. My authority for thinking that the name Hasan Al Sabbáh is the real foundation of the word "assassin" is Mirkhond's *History of the Assassins*, but I think someone like my much-revered and learned friend, Denison Ross, might put us all right about this. Hasan Al Sabbáh, who was a boy friend of a gentleman familiar to us as Omar Khayyam, eventually became known as "The Old Man of the Mountains," from the fact that his country seat was Castle Alamût, in the mountains near the Caspian Sea. He was a perpetual nuisance to the Crusaders, but to-day one of his direct descendants is one of the most popular owners on the English Turf, and has won one Derby and had a runner-up in another one. Old Hasan Al Sabbáh was, however, a definite social poultice in his times. This discovery by Miss Freya Stark of one of the last of the old Assassins' strongholds in Northern Persia is very interesting, but I expect the owner of the Derby winner could tell her quite a lot about this place and some others if she asked him.

(Continued on page VIII)



Sutherland

ON THE SPEY: LT.-COL. AND MRS. J. B. GILLIAT AND MR. L. A. GILLIAT

A snap on the famous Laggan Water of the Spey. In spite of the river being low on account of the drought, they managed to kill 36 fish in June

ceased to be at war with Germany some years ago! Upon the last occasion upon which the Crown Prince visited a British possession—India—a demi-semi-official occasion, he was rather popular than otherwise, and a source of amusement to everybody, excepting perhaps his own staff, composed of a good many rather senior officers. When the Crown Prince disappeared from

taken—a few copies only of which were ever printed. He tried his best to learn how to play polo, and also had a dash at that dangerous pastime called pig-sticking—the pursuit on a horse of the very savage wild boar. Everyone rather liked him, and his many escapades were vastly entertaining.



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND

His Grace, who was up in London last week, spent a good deal of time in the Park, and he was also busy over the Annual Garden Party at Gifford House, Roehampton, for his seaside holiday fund for disabled soldiers and sailors



YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT
GILBEY'S
SPEY ROYAL

AIR EDDIES * By OLIVER STEWART

Aerodromes for All.

CAUSE and effect, supply and demand, are the twin tweedledums and tweedledees of the twentieth century. Like Mutt and Jeff, Nervo and Knox, bubble and squeak, they are inseparables, and might be called the bacon and eggs of modern commercial and social existence. They are held responsible for almost every phenomenon and noumenon of civilisation, from boaters to bloaters, from half-way hats to half-way houses, and from little apples to landing grounds.

It used to be held that effect followed cause, and that demand followed supply. But scientists, not content with meddling with the cosmos and for ever blowing space-time bubbles, are casting doubt upon the sequence, cause-effect, and are engaged in walking the Planck of indeterminism; while men of affairs are questioning the demand-supply sequence and are trying the inverted invocation: "We have the best commodities; you want them." The basis of modern business is that you do not wait for a demand in order to furnish a supply; you first supply the demand, and then you supply the supply.

This order of procedure might be followed in flying as in business, and is, in fact, being followed already by the farther-sighted. Aircraft-aerodrome is a sequence in point. It used to be true that foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the private aeroplane owner has not an aerodrome whereon to lay his aeroplane—or, shall we say more tactfully, to land his aeroplane. It was then assumed that when there were many private aeroplanes it would be time to see about supplying them with landing grounds; but now it has been recognised that the supply of landing grounds should be undertaken at the same time as the supply of aeroplanes or even before it, and two notable advances in this direction may



AT BROOKLANDS

Mrs. Duncan Davis and Miss Beer outside the new "shop" at Brooklands Aerodrome. The shop sells everything from flying helmets to cups of coffee and is most efficiently organised by Mrs. Davis. Captain Duncan Davis is the famous head of the Brooklands School of Flying



Hughes

MRS. RICHARD FAIREY AND HER SON

The wife and little son of Mr. Charles Richard Fairey, the Chairman and Managing Director of the Fairey Aviation Co., Ltd. Mr. Fairey is an O.M.T. and a highly talented electrical engineer and inorganic chemist. He founded the Fairey Aviation Company in 1915



AN INTREPID AIRWOMAN

Mr. Ernest Nelson and his sister, Miss Kirstey Nelson. Miss Nelson recently returned from a thrilling series of flights in Darkest Africa and a long safari with a party including her great friend, Miss Diana Guest. The Nelsons have a lovely house near Oban and another on Chelsea Embankment

be signalised—the establishment of the municipal airport at Portsmouth and the formal opening of the Redwing headquarters at Gatwick; one a large-scale event and the other a small; but both interesting.

Portsmouth.

Sir Philip Sassoon, who is the ablest Under-Secretary of State for Air we have had, partly because he has much first-hand experience of flying, and that experience of

the right kind, opened Portsmouth municipal airport and took the opportunity to point out that aviation, if it is rightly encouraged, can be a potent instrument of peace. Rapid transport brings people of different countries together, and is, in fact, already bringing them together; and to understand everything is to forgive everything, so that peace-making and peace-making are the dual duties of aircraft in a worried world.

Portsmouth is one of the aerodromes that should give a valuable fillip to air travel. The organisation on the opening day was admirable, although the programme, for those who spend a great part of their lives at air pageants, seemed perhaps a trifle long. Mr. R. Stocken is to be congratulated upon the way in which the arrangements were made and carried through. There were the three races, for the Grosvenor Challenge Cup, the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Trophy, and the Portsmouth Challenge Trophy, won by Mr. C. S. Napier, Flight-Lieut. W. E. P. Johnson, and Mr. Birkett respectively. Mrs. Patterson gained third place in the two last events. There were also acrobatic displays by the R.A.F. and by

civil pilots, and there was the balloon-bursting by Flight-Lieut. G. H. Stainforth, with his special twelve-bore mounted in the Pterodactyl.

The Gatwick aerodrome is close to the stations of Horley, Crawley, and Three Bridges, and is now the Redwing aircraft headquarters. The Surrey Aero Club also has its headquarters there, and works in conjunction with the Redwing School of Flying. The club-house is a sixteenth-century building converted, and provides a really perfect place to stay for anything from a week-end to a month. This method of using fine old buildings as aerodrome club-houses is growing, and is most attractive. Broxbourne and Hanworth have shown what can be done when a country house is taken over and made into an aerodrome club-house, and Gatwick is carrying on the good work.

There were many visitors to Gatwick on the opening day, among them the Duchess of Bedford, who, it will be recalled, won the *Tatler* Concours d'Élégance at Brooklands with her green Puss Moth. The Duchess arrived in her aeroplane.

Redwings.

I have always been a believer in the Redwing aeroplanes, and in the principle upon which their design is founded. Briefly, it might be called the principle of the all-purpose

(Continued on page xiv)



For Health, Strength and Vitality

QUICKNESS of eye, speed of thought, fleetness of foot, rapidity of action . . . tennis demands these . . . and more! When the match is called "set-all," it is staying power and the will-to-win that command success.

The perfect fitness of body and mind, and the ample reserves of energy so essential in sports and games, are equally valuable in your everyday life. This physical well-being depends almost entirely upon proper nutrition. You need correctly balanced nourishment, such as "Ovaltine" so abundantly supplies.

Delicious "Ovaltine" provides all the health-giving nutriment extracted from malt, milk and eggs—Nature's finest foods for building body, brain and nerves. "Ovaltine" contains no added sugar, and must not be compared with preparations containing a large percentage of sugar to give them bulk and to cheapen the cost. There is only one "Ovaltine."



OVALTINE

Tonic Food Beverage

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P.836

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

Signalling Business.

No doubt this is the best of all possible worlds — though I confess that my experience of any others is too slight to justify me in making any comparison — but it is equally undesirable that a great many little things have a habit of going wrong. For instance. A good many will have read of that case in which a motorist was heavily mulcted in damages because at a corner he obeyed the unofficial signal of some well-meaning sap-headed self-appointed traffic controller and crashed holus-bolus into another car. One of those things called daily newspapers which consist of pictorial smudges, Society snippets, and comic strips even went so far as to have an editorial note upon this matter, thereby shaking me to the veritable mammary glands for, *mirabile dictu*, it positively took up a common-sense standpoint and wisely warned its countless millions of readers not to place too much implicit trust in gratuitous signals. In a previous issue it had allowed a correspondent to advise all and sundry that when driving through villages at night the driver should not sound his horn (with which we shall all agree) but rather should flicker his head-lamps, thus clearly telling the world that something was coming along. But I will pass that over, for there cannot be many people imbecile enough to accept such a fatuous recommendation. Why put it into print? Why ensure that some thoughtless ass will be misled? But there. To return to this signalling business, I ventured to announce a slight smell of possible trouble quite some years ago when the then Minister of Transport, in public speech, suggested that it was everybody's business to help to sort out the traffic tangle and that pedestrians and others should constitute themselves voluntary guiders of vehicles. It sounded a very nice kindly sort of sentiment; all of us helping one another, don't you know . . . the smiling contribution to highway safety . . . the grateful gesture of response . . . the feeling that everybody was behaving so beautifully . . . who says politeness has gone out of fashion? . . . and all that sort of thing. But, alas, in practice it doesn't work. I took the liberty of doubting whether it would, because at that time I well knew one sharp and blind corner which was presided over by an enthusiastic but half-witted girl of



THE WELLINGTON (SHROPSHIRE) CONSERVATIVE FÊTE

A group taken at Apley Castle, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Meyrick's house, where a fete was held in connection with the Wrekin Division of Shropshire Conservative Association. Lady Bradford opened the fete. In the picture, left to right, are: Lady Yate, Brig.-General Reginald Hoare, the Countess of Bradford, the Earl of Bradford, Colonel H. L. Oldham and Mrs. Oldham. Colonel J. Baldwin-Webb is the sitting Member for the Division

Truman Howell

obeyed, would have led to instant disaster. Thus it was not at all difficult to see that trouble might arise. I am sorry that it seems so ungrateful to say so, but facts are facts. No one is more conscious than I of the more pleasant conditions of motoring. Once we were hated and reviled, whereas now any old yokel willingly helps us on our way. And it seems mean to look twice at such charming gifts of courtesy. Yet an unconquerable instinct tells me to adopt the "safety first" rule, and the consequence is that I am a source of constant irritation to traffic controllers, both official and unofficial, at all events outside of big cities. For I will persist in maintaining the tradition in which I was brought up, that is to say, I take my corners and forks and cross-roads just as if they were not there at all. That this slow-coach method costs me a few seconds a week I do not question, but, like the elderly gentleman of drawing-room fame, I don't grudge the extra time. For it is so grievously easy to get into the habit of assuming that when there is no one to signify "danger" all is necessarily clear. This very morning, as ever was, I have seen three alarming instances of this, which is to say, three extremely narrow squeaks, simply because the policeman who is there on week-day is in the bosom of his family on the Sabbath. An ingrate I may be, but I am constitutionally chary of accepting gratuitous guidance, and the law being what it is, this is the only safe attitude, for you are to note that even if you smash your nice new car to smithereens you have no legal redress against the well-intentioned volunteer who beckoned you into trouble. Not even the insurance company will accept the plea of "The woman tempted me." And, of course, if a policeman gives you the wrong signal, he will resolutely deny it

(Continued on p. xii)



AT READING: LADY DIANA GIBB AND MR. J. F. LAWN

At the Phillips and Powis School of Flying aerodrome at Reading, where Lady Diana Gibb, who is a sister of Lord Lovelace, is learning to fly. Mr. Lawn is one of the firm's highly-competent instructors

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



JULY, 1932

11th to 20th inclusive

- | | |
|--|--|
| 11th. Racing. Edinburgh.
Polo. Social Clubs Cup, Hurlingham. Hunt Cup and County Polo Week, Ranelagh. | Parliament, Wells (Somerset). National Rose Society, Horticultural Hall. |
| 12th. Racing. Newmarket 2nd July Meeting.
Yachting. Royal Thames Y.C., Southend-on-Sea.
Shows. Yorkshire Agricultural Society, Leeds. Military Tattoo, York. | 16th. Racing. Sandown Park, Hamilton Park.
Crick. Yorkshire v. All India, Harrogate. Surrey v. Lancashire, Oval.
Shooting. N.R.A. Bisley Meeting ends.
Greyhound Racing. Cesarewitch Final, West Ham. |
| 13th. Racing. Newmarket, Bath and Phoenix Park.
Shows. Yorkshire Agricultural Society, Leeds. Military Tattoo, York.
Crick. Gents. v. Players, Lord's.
Bowls. English Bowling Assoc. Internationals, Glasgow. | Motor Cycle Speedway. England v. Australia, Belle Vue, Manchester. |
| 14th. Racing. Newmarket, Bath and Limerick Meetings.
Crick. Gents. v. Players at Lord's.
Shows. Yorkshire Agricultural Society, Leeds. Military Tattoo, York. National Poultry Parliament, Wells (Somerset). | 18th. Racing. Leicester and Ayr Meetings.
Polo. Farewell Handicap Tournament, Ranelagh.
Crick. Navy v. Army, Lord's. |
| 15th. Racing. Sandown Park, Hamilton Park.
Crick. Gents. v. Players, Lord's.
Shows. Military Tattoo, York. National Poultry | 19th. Racing. Leicester and Ayr Meetings.
Crick. Navy v. Army, Lord's.
Yachting. Bournemouth Regatta, Bournemouth.
Shows. Highland Gathering, Isle of Man. |
| | 20th. Racing. Liverpool, Lanark, Curragh Meetings.
Shows. Royal Welsh Agricultural Society, Llandrindod Wells.
Athletics. Scots Canadian Meeting, Glasgow.
Crick. Middlesex v. All India, Lord's. |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

NERVE!

By DONALD MAULE

JUST where the open country gives way to dense forest a woman ran into the glare of Baxter's head-lights and waved her arms.

He noted she was pale and beautiful, with dark hair parted in the middle and long drop ear-rings, also that she was in evening dress and great distress.

"Stop! Oh, please stop!" she cried.

"What's up?" he asked, braking.

For answer she pointed into the trees, through which he now caught the glimmer of lights, and said: "Please come up to the house. There's the most ghastly fight going on. They're murdering each other!"

"Good Lord! Who?"

"My husband and a burglar. We came back and found him here. There —"

"Right! Get in." (No need ever to coax Captain Rex Baxter of "The Forget-me-Nots" into a scrap.) He lifted her beside him. "Now show the way."

Next second the huge Bentley roared up the drive.

A short distance from the long, two-storeyed house stood a car.

"His—the burglar's?" asked Baxter, prepared to charge and destroy the enemy's line of retreat.

"No, *ours*!" screamed the girl—just in time.

They pulled up at the front door and she led the way to the library. There, before an open safe and a kit-bag bulging with silver, two men were fighting. A burly brute in rough tweeds was straddling and pounding a lighter man who wore a dinner jacket and a dark moustache.

"Hi! hold hard!" roared Baxter, and hit the burly one behind the ear.

Nine men out of ten would have faded out from that blow. Not so the burglar. He jumped up and came for Baxter. The latter got in a quick left and right before he was sent sprawling into the corner.

The terrified girl trembled in the doorway, hands to ashen face. The man in the dinner jacket would have let fly with a heavy paper-weight snatched from the desk, but "Leave him to me," roared Baxter, staggering to his feet. "He's *my* meat now!"

It was a pretty fight fought amidst the debris of a Queen Anne table, a loud-speaker, four vases of great price, and a miscellaneous collection of ash-trays, photographs, and books.

Eventually Baxter got his man squarely on the jaw and sent him into the fireplace, where he stayed—with a thin trickle of blood oozing from his skull.

No one spoke. No one moved. Merely held their breaths and watched.

"God! you've killed him," gasped the man in the dinner jacket.

"No," said Baxter, who'd been inspecting his victim, "but he won't be round for ages. Jove! he's a tough nut!"

"Damned decent of you to butt in," said the other extending his hand. "He'd got me properly fixed. My name's Stanleigh—er—Colonel Stanleigh. And that's my wife."

Baxter introduced himself.

The girl glided from the doorway, and Baxter thought her the most lovely thing he'd ever seen.

"Wouldn't it be a good thing to tie him up?" she suggested. "We don't want to take any risks."

"That's an idea; we don't," said Stanleigh.

So they bound up their unconscious prisoner with curtain ropes and cord from a picture.

"And that's that. Now what about a drink?" said Stanleigh.

"Can do!" Baxter agreed.

When his host had left the room Baxter turned to the girl. "Pretty nerry business for you!"

"Yes. I suppose he knew the servants were out and we were dining with friends. But we came home early and John caught him right in the act. When they began to scrap I got the wind up. John's such a fool in a fight." She came and stood up very near him and looked into his eyes. "Wasn't it marvellous luck that I should have run out and found a great strong man like you?"

"It was," said Baxter, being no fool and meaning something quite different—as she well knew.

She glanced down demurely, and idly twirled a button of his coat. "That's why I hate the country. It's so—lonely." Pause. "John's up in town all day."

Baxter, hearing returning footsteps, swallowed quickly and said: "Perhaps I could call to-morrow, and—er—see how you are after all—er—this?"

"I shall be alone."

"For tea?"

"And lunch!" she smiled.

She also smiled something no pen can define. But Baxter knew, and his blood surged quicker. Also, somehow, his hand touched hers and squeezed it. She didn't mind.

Then Stanleigh came in with some cold chicken, *paté de foie gras*, salmon, and whisky. It was a jolly little picnic, and the understanding between Baxter and the girl—whose name was Olive—ripened every moment. Baxter found himself longing for the morrow. Stanleigh was either blind, or a fool. Or both.

"Now, what about that merchant?" he asked when it was time to go. "Have you 'phoned the police?"

For a moment husband and wife looked embarrassed. Then Olive laughed. "We may as well tell him, John." She turned to Baxter, sweetly confidential: "Fact is, we're terribly broke at the moment. And we haven't paid the account. So we've been cut off!"

Well, Baxter was rich, a man of the world, and vastly intrigued. So the sophisticated reader should have little difficulty in guessing how he hoped to adjust this unequal situation in the near future. Quite plainly his eyes said to Olive: "You and I can't be without a telephone!"

"Damned bore," said Stanleigh; "but there you are! Tell you what, though, if you'd take him in your car and dump him at the police station in Ashley it would help. Say I'll be over to charge him in the morning. We can't very well keep the blighter here all night."

So they packed their prisoner into the back of the Bentley.

"Good-night! To-morrow—for lunch," whispered Olive.

"To-morrow!" whispered Baxter, and got an arm round her waist in the darkness.

"My word, but you haven't half made a mess of him, sir!" said the admiring Sergeant at Ashley, applying a sponge to the prisoner's damaged face and head. "Good job you didn't hit him any harder or —" He paused. Then he looked at Baxter. Then he turned to a young constable. "George," he said, "take a good look."

George did; and whistled through his teeth and said, "My Gawd!"

"What's up?" asked Baxter.

"D'you recognize him, George?" asked the Sergeant.

"Ought to," said George.

"Then who is he?" asked Baxter.

He was getting quite excited. The capture of a well-known crook and a beautiful woman, both in one night, does not fall to the lot of every man.

Said the Sergeant, scratching his head: "Judging by his face, and his suit, and . . . yes!"—producing it—"his note-case, he's Colonel Stanleigh."

"Who?"

"Colonel Stanleigh, our Chief Constable."

"But," Baxter began to sweat. "But doesn't Colonel Stanleigh live in a long two-storeyed house with a garage, up in the woods?"

"He does. 'The Pines.'"

"And . . . and isn't he a little dark chap with a dark moustache? And hasn't he got a perfectly topping wife with dark hair parted in the middle, and long drop ear-rings, and —"

"'Slick Harry' and 'The Madonna'!" gasped the Sergeant.

"Wanted by every —" But he broke off and grabbed his 'phone. "Quick!" he snapped at Baxter. (No sir-ing now.) "Where did you see them? Who are *you*? And what the . . ." etc., etc.

So then Baxter told him this story, which happens to be true. "Did you notice the number of that car in the drive?" asked the Sergeant when he finished.

"No," said Baxter, "I didn't." And was glad.



A SAFE BET AT ALL TIMES
and for every mood is the soft, genial flavour of **HAIG—**
NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



Three's company: Miss Stenhouse, Mrs. Dunlop Hill, and Dick, who refused to face the camera. Mrs. Dunlop Hill is hon. sec. of the Scottish L.G.A.

member of the victorious team, especially Miss Huleatt, the non-playing captain, and altogether behave as a red-hot Great Britainer.

Somehow I feel it strangely difficult to do these things. One deterrent is that I should doubtless shock extremely all the sober old ladies and gentlemen who make up the population where I am staying; the other is that if it's a case of "my heart's in the Highlands a-following the deer," it was obviously impossible for it to be also at St. Germain for the great match.



Playing for "Las Amazonas" when they beat "Los Gauchos": Mrs. V. G. Davies (Sussex Champion) and Mrs. Geoffrey Toye at West Sussex G.C. In this friendly ladies v. men contest, played on handicap, "Los Gauchos," a team of representatives of the Argentine Railways, gave their opponents six strokes

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

GR^{EAT} BRITAIN has beaten France with the loss of only a single match. That is the great and glorious truth which has just penetrated to the Highland fastness where I am at the moment, filling me with the conviction that I ought to get up and shout about it, send wires of congratulations to each

and from the first bare facts therein it does seem to have been a thoroughly satisfactory day for us at St. Germain, something to take out the taste of defeat which still cloyed the palate, though not with sweetness, after Wentworth. Of course, this was not quite such a big win at St. Germain as we had from France last October at Oxhey, but then at Oxhey we had Miss Wethered and France was without Madame de la Chaume (Mlle le Blan) and Madame Vilmorin (Mlle de Bellet), so that really the latest performance was just as good on our part. According to the papers, Miss Wanda Morgan at the top of our team and Madame Lacoste (Mlle Simone de la Chaume) at the top of theirs, were the two great heroines of the occasion, though since Miss Molly Gourlay was only 2 over 4's for the twelve holes of her match, there must have been something better than good about her golf as well.

Doubtless she needed it. Mlle. Pétaïn, though only seventeen years old, managed to qualify in our championship at Saunton last month, and to take Miss Pim to the 20th hole before being beaten; she is only one of the players who may quite well take the Girls' Championship to France this autumn; she hits the ball a very long way, and doubtless if



More Scottish personalities: Miss M. J. Couper, Miss Crawford, Miss Jean McCulloch, and Mrs. F. G. Neilson looking pleasant without difficulty

Miss Gourlay had allowed her to take any liberties, the match might have had quite a different ending. Which again, if not a digression, is starting at the wrong end of the story.

The beginning was the morning foursomes, when Miss Morgan and Mrs. Percy Garon won on the last green 2 up, in spite of a brave last-minute rally by Madame Lacoste and Madame Vagliano; when Miss Gourlay and Miss Fishwick, in spite of being dormy 2, could only halve the match with Madame de la Chaume and Madame Vilmorin; and when the Scottish-Irish combination of Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Miss Pentony won a great and glorious victory 6 and 4 from Madame Munier and Madame Waddell. Two-and-a-half to a half was a better menu for *déjeuner* than that awful 0 to 3 against U.S.A. at Wentworth had been, and Great Britain must have set out in really good heart in the afternoon. From the meagre accounts which have penetrated thus far, the top match was a truly mighty one, with both at the top of their form. Madame Lacoste eventually won the 17th to be dormy 1, Miss Morgan promptly won the 18th, to square the match. And in Internationals of the real Great Britain variety there are no 19th holes. Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, Miss Fishwick, Miss Gourlay, Mrs. J. B. Watson all backed her up nobly, 4 and 3 being the smallest margin of their wins, and so it was not of a decisive importance that Miss Doris Park, after turning 1 up, suddenly lost three holes in a row and went down 3 and 2 to Madame Decugis. We could afford one loss, even if it would have been pleasant to have had none. So that was that, 7 points to 2, a real good beginning for Great Britain's ventures abroad.



The seventeen-year-old French smiter: Mlle. Pétaïn, who was a member of the international team beaten by Great Britain at St. Germain

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THE EXTRAORDINARY STAMINA OF PRATTS OIL PROTECTS
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OILS WOULD HAVE BROKEN DOWN. PRODUCED BY THE
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The correct grade for your engine is displayed in Pratts Motor Oil Cabinets at thirty thousand garages.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

ALL women will agree that there is nothing more harassing than the knowledge that their faces are flushed and endowed with an unattractive redness; the sensation may come on unexpectedly when entering a hot room or after eating, or a lengthened period spent in the sun. Well, there is a remedy for it, and that is Elizabeth Arden's, 25, Old Bond Street, Skin Tonic; it is cooling and refreshing, and as it has a very beneficial effect on the skin it prevents the roseate hue from spreading to the nose. It should be applied whenever opportunity occurs; it is only 3s. 6d.



THERE is a wide line of demarcation between fashions for town and country wear; it is in weathercoats for the latter that R. W. Forsyth, Vigo House, Regent Street, S.W.1, excel; they are responsible for those portrayed on this page. It is the Dexter "Tyndale" that is pictured above; it is made of featherweight cloth, nevertheless it is proof against the heaviest rain and is available for 4½ guineas in green, saxe blue, navy, and several shades of fawn; hats to match are 25s. On the right is the "Chelsea" model expressed in pure wool Kashlama cloth in shades of fawn in plain and check designs. It is ideal for cruising, moloring, and country wear in general; it is 6 guineas. And there is the "Regulation" weathercoat for the moors; it is fashioned of Dexter materials and is guaranteed to withstand all weathers.

MODELS, FORSYTH

PICTURES
by BLAKE

YARDLEY LAVENDER

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE



Messrs. Yardley have pleasure in announcing that by an improved method of manufacture in which a blended spirit is used, they are enabled to offer their famous Lavender at a very considerable reduction in price.

Moreover, that supreme quality which has made the Yardley Lavender world famous is not only fully maintained, but a still higher standard of beauty and concentration has actually been attained.

THE NEW PRICES ARE
1/3 · 1/6 · 2/6 · 5/- · 7/6
and in Larger Sizes up to
2 Guineas per Bottle.



NO REDUCTION IN QUALITY PRICE ONLY CHANGED

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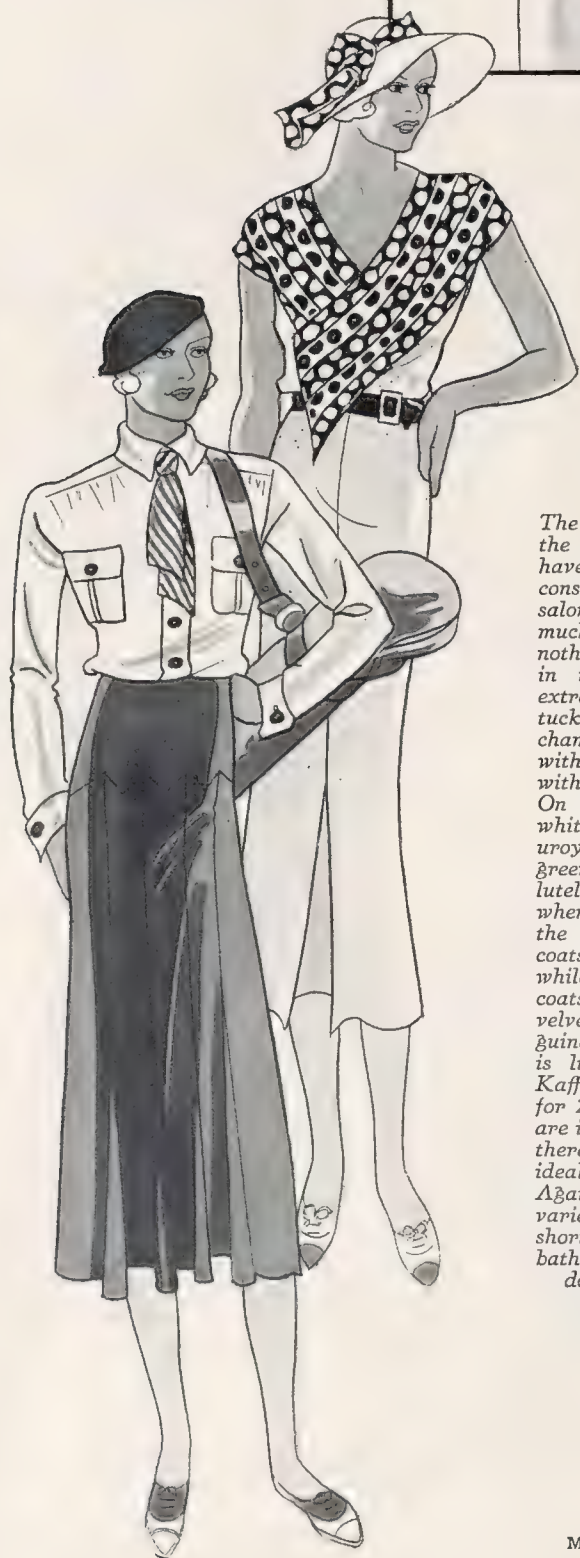
The Highway

Now that the holidays are within measurable distance fashions for sports and country wear are of paramount importance. Leathercraft, 42, Berkeley Street and 169, Sloane Street, are showing the very newest ideas in this respect, and, of course, clothes for cruising are well represented, some of which are pictured on this page



of Fashion—continued

Something totally different is present in the white crochet blouse on the left; there is a draped scarf effect over the hips, loosely knotted at one side, with amusing bows on the corsage and arms. The tussore dress, of which two views are given, has a spotted scarf drapery which crosses over in front and terminates in a point at the back



The requirements of the golf enthusiast have been carefully considered in these salons. There is much to please and nothing to cavil at in the suit on the extreme left; the tuck-in blouse is of chamois, reinforced with patch pockets with envelope flaps. On the right is a white washing corduroy velvet coat with green buttons. Absolutely indispensable when travelling are the coloured fleece coats for 4½ guineas, while the Camotex coats of waterproof velvet cord are 5½ guineas. A feature is likewise made of Kaffir silk pyjamas for 2½ guineas; they are innocent of backs, therefore they are ideal for sun bathing. Again, there is a variety of canvas shorts, suits, and bathing suits with double knickers



Models, Leathercraft

a
pleasant
experience



It is the great advantage of the New Tailoring that you may enter the department and have found for you a suit that immediately fits. The fitter may wish to make a little adjustment here, and another there, before the set of the jacket, and the hang of the trousers, satisfy his critical and conscientious eye.

But when that is done, all is done; and usually your clothes are ready the same day; so that you leave the department saying these clothes are tailored as a quiet-minded man would wish, and the ordering of clothes to measure is largely a prejudice, and an out-of-date one.

The English worsteds and Scottish tweeds of which these clothes are made need no recommending, for their goodness can be seen. The linings and the trimmings have all been made to exacting specifications. And being able to see how you look in suits of various patterns and colours will be a very pleasant and interesting experience.

LOUNGE SUITS FOR **6** GUINEAS
SUMMER WEAR . . .

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ELEVEN "NEW TAILORING" CENTRES

WEST END: 103-113 Regent St., W.1 24 Coventry St., W.1 CITY: 13 Fenchurch St., E.C.3

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AUSTIN REED LTD, LONDON

P. 962a

Weekend Outdoors

VALSTARS, on account of their inherent merit, are warmly applauded wherever they go. They are admirably tailored, and as they are absolutely weatherproof they are suitable for every weather and every day; they are sold practically everywhere. Two views of the Valstar riding coat may be seen on the left; it is provided with all those clever devices that appeal to women who ride

A STUDY in orange and grey is this chiffon frock from Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street, W.1; the corsage is arranged with a cowl drapery, the coatee being a separate affair. There are likewise sleeveless printed georgette dresses with shaped flounces which emphasize the moulding of the hips; a coatee completes the scheme, the sleeves being tight-fitting from wrists to elbows. Again, there are attractive printed georgette evening frocks with puff chemise sleeves and gracefully flared skirts

THE Milwata coat on the left represents the acme of smartness. H. E. Mills, the creator of the well-known Point-to-Point coats, is responsible for it, and it may be obtained at all outfitters of prestige. It is expressed in rubberised Indiana with Milwata proofing and is available in off-white and other shades, and is trimmed with a contrasting colour

PICTURES
by BLAKE



MEN like the masculine freshness of Morny products. They like the not-too-noticeable perfume of Morny Brilliantine; the smoothness that Morny Shaving Soap gives to the razor. There is stick or bowl for the shave, solid or liquid brilliantine for the hair, talcum powder for afterwards; and, of course, toilet or bath soap. All British Made, and all of the quality that men deserve as much as women.

Popular odours for Men

"Chaminade" "June Roses" "Lavender Flowers"

MORNY

Solid Brilliantines from 1/6

Liquid Brilliantines „ 2/6

„ (With spirit) 4/-

Talcum Powders from 1/6

Shaving Soap Bowls „ 3/6

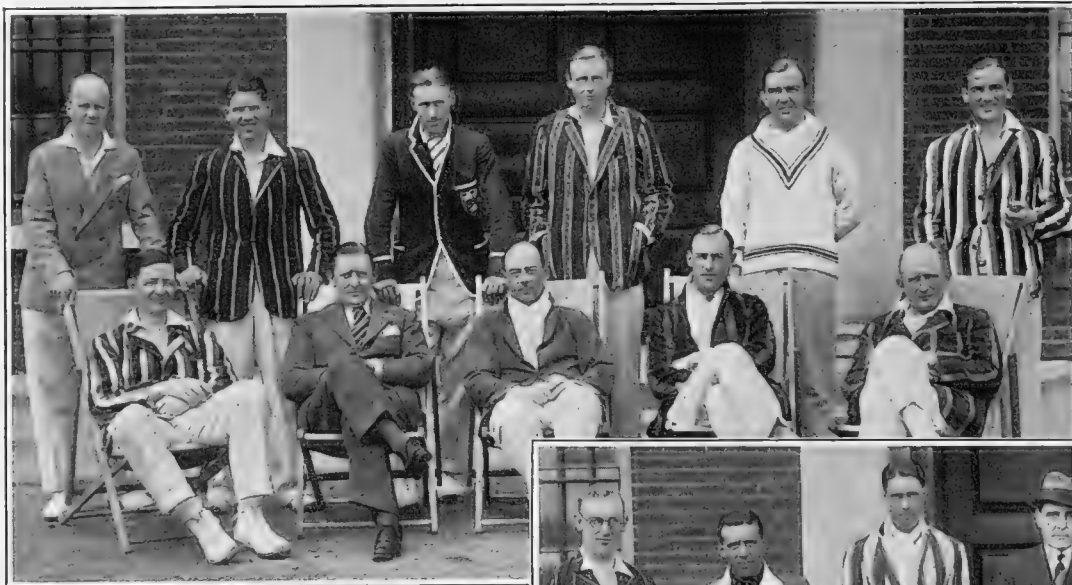
Mammoth Bath Soaps „ 1/-

ALL-BRITISH



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AND FROM ALL RETAILERS OF HIGH-CLASS TOILET PRODUCTS



THE YELLOW HAMMERS XI

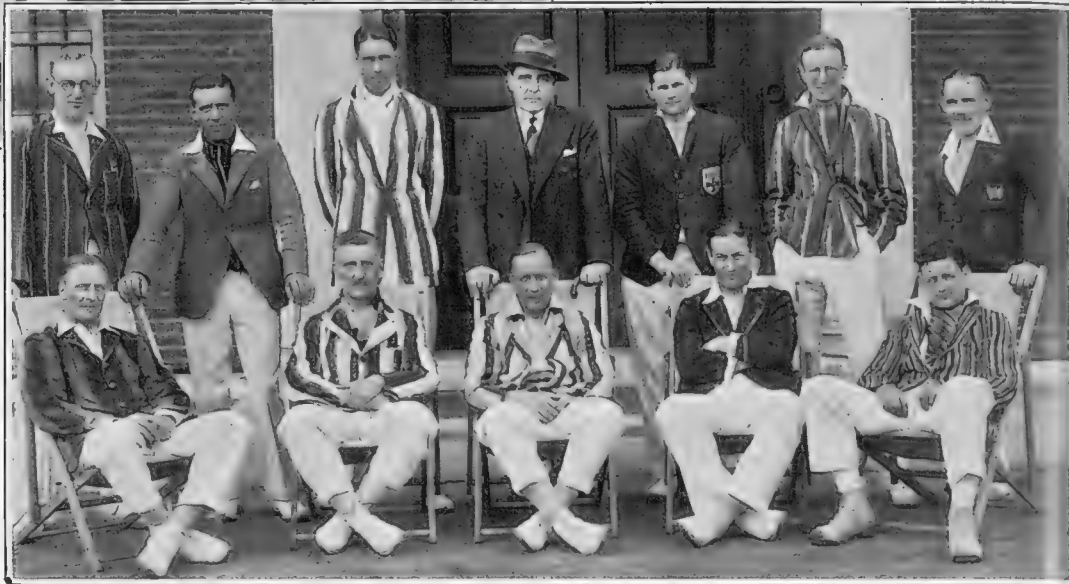
The side which played a drawn game recently with the H.A.C., whose team is in the other picture. Yellow Hammers 192 for five declared, H.A.C. 82 for seven. Left to right: Back row—M. W. Smith, P. W. Adams, R. C. Hubbard, C. T. Orton, G. A. K. Collins, A. Robertson; front row—N. Boucher, C. T. Bennett, J. C. W. MacBryant, L. Marzetti, L. F. Hancock

Photographs by R. S. Crisp

TWO FAMOUS AMATEUR SIDES

THE H.A.C. CRICKET XI

Back row—J. Barstow, R. Carey, P. Riseley, S. Taylor (club captain), J. McDermid, A. Hallam, A. Collins; front row—C. Movice, W. Potter-MacKenrot, A. Soole (captain), E. Holfield, G. Hoghton



THESE light-weight Morocco Leather Dressing Cases, size $18\frac{1}{2} \times 14 \times 6$ ins., are made at Mappin & Webb's London Manufactory.

The beautiful Enamel and Sterling Silver-gilt Brushes, Hand Mirror, etc., are conveniently fitted in the front of Case; a large compartment, free of Fittings, is available for Clothing.

The Enamel Dressing Table Service is obtainable in the leading colours.

**SPECIAL
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£ 30**

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A Catalogue of Fitted Dressing Cases will be sent by return. Prices range from 10 gns. to 300 gns.

*She's got it! Got what?
—a little something some others
haven't got*



—so has



BP Plus is constant in quality and performance. It has just that quantity of tetra-ethyl-lead which experts know will give your car maximum efficiency on the road and it is obtainable everywhere.

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 78

With reference to an announcement by a Parliamentary report concerning some figures about the number of horses exported for slaughter to the Continent during 1931 that "The Ministry of Agriculture states that so far as it is aware no horses were sent to Belgium and France during the year for slaughter immediately on arrival. The number exported to Holland for this purpose was approximately 2,174." And further that "The result of these regulations has been that of late years the traffic in English horses has been to a large extent converted into a dead-meat trade." A week or so ago the Minister supplied the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with figures showing that last year, with the exception of just over 2,000 horses sent to Holland for slaughter immediately on arrival, the whole of the shipments to that country, France, and Belgium consisted of carcasses. How does this tally with these figures given by the Ministry in Ref. No. TA 36,793: Belgium, 872; Holland, 2,875; France, 526; total, 4,273? It would be interesting to have an explanation from both the Ministry and the R.S.P.C.A. if and when they have time. It is puerile in face of these figures to assert that export for slaughter has practically ceased.

* * *

It is good news to hear that the Leamington Branch of the R.S.P.C.A. has sent £20 for the Old War Horse (Egypt) Fund to Mrs. George Bryant, Ashborne Hall, Leamington. Mrs. Bryant, who with Mrs. Wilfred Holden has worked so hard for this fund in Warwickshire and has sent in £11 11s. on her own account, has sent this £20 on to Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, who initiated this work of mercy and who is still in Cairo. There is an account open at Lloyds Bank, Fleet, to which contributions can be sent. I hope that the fund will have benefited considerably from the proceeds of the recent ball, because, although much has been done in the way of buying up these poor old warriors, the flotsam and jetsam of the war in the East, there is still

much to be done, and I happen to know that there is the ever-present fear in the minds of those who are working so hard in the cause in Egypt that lack of funds may cause things to come to a standstill. Mrs. E. S. Lysaght of Chapel Cleeve, Washford, Somerset, has sent me £5 5s. for this fund, and this has been forwarded to Lloyds Bank, Fleet, Hants. I have also received postal orders for 25s., which have been collected by Miss Angela Jennings, whose address is Avoncliffe School, Stratford-on-Avon, and I am sure that Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke will feel as touched about it as I do.



"PALASTPAGE," WINNER OF THE GERMAN DERBY

Being led by his owner, Herr P. Mülhens, after winning Germany's principal classic. Herr Mülhens is a member of the famous "4711" Eau de Cologne firm and a very popular racing owner

Polo Notes—cont. from p. 56

first two and a half chukkers things did not look too good for the Gunners, but in the latter half of the third they began an attack which never let up, and all hands played like two men, so that it may be entirely unfair to single any one out. I think, however, that with a back like Captain Jock Campbell behind them, the people in front must have been very comfortable more than once. Captain Campbell declined to take any risks at all once the necessary leading margin was established. The forwards, one of whom, Captain Elton, was not really recovered from his recent "wounds" and played with a gaiter and a cow-puncher stirrup-guard on his near-side leg, never missed a legitimate chance, and Captain Fowler went into it like a tiger and did a lot of execution. One of the Gunner goals was kicked through by a pony, and the flag-wagger seemed to be in two minds about signalling it. As to The Greys, probably they were one legitimate goal shy, as Mr. Guinness looked certain to score in the first chukker, I think it was, when he had time to let the ball slow down and go wide a bit before making that beautiful cut stroke which so nearly did the trick. It was a real good show, and the winners, as they admitted, had to work their passage all the way. Three of this year's winning team—Captain Fowler, Captain Morrison, and Captain Campbell—were in the team which won the Inter-Regimental in 1927, beating the 17th/21st Lancers 7 to 6. Both Captain Fowler and Captain Campbell were then subalterns.

THE GOOD COMPANIONS



The "Vi-Spring"
Overlay Mattress
and the "Vibase"
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The "Vi-Spring" is so luxuriously comfortable because it is made with such infinite care. It is a hand-made product throughout. Skilled operatives, each trained to appreciate the technical importance of their particular feature, build into the "Vi-Spring" that wonderful softness and resiliency that has earned for it the title of "The Best for Rest."

For over thirty years the "Vi-Spring" has been acknowledged as the most comfortable and durable mattress made. Place this famous mattress on the "Vibase" Mattress Support, and you have the perfect combination for nights of restful sleep.

The VIBASE MATTRESS SUPPORT

is the most efficient support for your "Vi-Spring." It is well upholstered, yet sells at practically the same price as the best upholstered supports. Covered in tick to correspond with the "Vi-Spring," it is equal in appearance and durability to the best supports of the Box-Spring type. Sold by all reliable house furnishers.

MR. G. EDWARDS FINDS ENERGY AND VITALITY REDOUBLED

"I HAD chronic sciatica in my hip, leg, and instep, and it went on for eleven months. Sometimes a little better, and then as bad as ever. I tried many things to get rid of the pain, but nothing did any good until my wife got a 3/- phial of Phosferine, and from the first dose I improved. I had two more 3/- phials, and the sciatica *was gone*. After three years, thanks to Phosferine, I have had no return of sciatica, and my nerve energy and vitality is redoubled. Phosferine is a splendid rejuvenating tonic, and soon picks me up if I feel run down."

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
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From Chemists. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.



From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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contribute to that
fineness of Quality
which characterises the
Sovereign' Whisky—

KING GEORGE IV

WORLD-FAMOUS PRODUCT OF
THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD., EDINBURGH

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS ANITA LEWIS SHIELDS.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Shields of Philadelphia, whose marriage to Mr. Alasdair Maclean (Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders) will shortly take place

Cheshire, and Miss Sybil Serpell have fixed the 23rd for their wedding at St. Lawrence's Church, Chobham; another wedding on the 19th is that between Mr. Michael Henry Wombwell and Miss Joy Evelyn Georgina Oakley, which is to be at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; and on the 28th Lieutenant H. F. Robertson-Aikman, R.N., and Miss Jocelyn Purves-Smith are to be married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

A September Wedding.

Major William Le Hardy, M.C., F.S.A., of 2, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2, and Miss Lucy Elizabeth Tuckett, the eldest daughter of Mr. Percival F. Tuckett of 29, Porchester Terrace, W.2, and granddaughter of the late Sir E. C. K. Ollivant, K.C.I.E., are being married in September.

Marrying Abroad.

Some time during October, Captain J. H. K. Clegg, O.B.E., R.N., H.M.S. *Cardiff*, is marrying Mrs. Josephine Claiborne Hopkins of Christiansburg, Virginia, in Cape Province.

This Month.

On July 19, Dr. J. van der Most, M.D., of Leiden, Holland, is marrying Miss Phyllis Mary Pardoe at St. Luke's Church, Kidderpore Avenue, Hampstead; Dr. James Laughland Armour of Wallasey,



Lafayette

MR. AND MRS. H. M. O. KNOX

Who were married on June 25 at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Mr. Henry Murray Owen Knox is the younger son of Brig.-General H. O. Knox, C.B.E., and grandson of the late Sir Owen Roberts, and his wife was formerly Miss Violet Isabel Weare, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weare of The Dell, Tunbridge Wells

Recently Engaged.

Dr. Justinian Hedley Bartlett, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Hedley Bartlett of Saffron Walden, and Miss Elsie Ebbà Wright, M.B., B.S., London, the daughter of Brig.-General H. B. H. Wright, C.B., C.M.G., and Mrs. Wright of Seaton; Mr. Claude Montgomery Champion de Crespigny, Royal Air Force, the son of the late Mr. Philip Champion de Crespigny and Mrs. Champion de Crespigny of Melbourne, and Miss Patricia Cary-Barnard, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. V. Cary-Barnard of The Elms, Blackwater, Hampshire; Dr. George Trevor Hankey of 85, Wimpole Street, W., the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Trevor Hankey of Billhurst, Lingfield, Surrey, and Miss Norah Coulson, the youngest daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. Robert H. G. Coulson of Alma Place, North Shields; Mr. John R. G. Lamb, eldest son of Major R. W. Lamb, British Pro - Consul at Dieppe, and Mrs. Lamb of 18, Boulevard de Verdun, Dieppe, and Miss Audrey Robson, the youngest daughter of Mr. Edwin Robson, J.P., Sheriff of the City and County of Kingston-upon-Hull, and Mrs. Robson of Sutton House, Sutton, Hull.

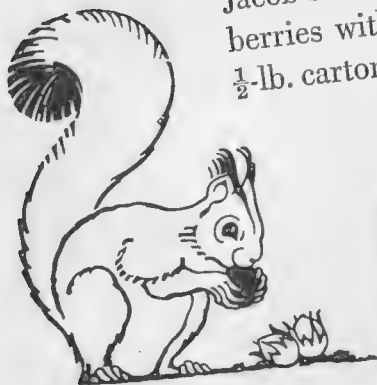


MRS. ERIC DALLING

Who, before her marriage to Mr. Eric Dalling, the younger son of Mr. John Dalling and the late Mrs. Dalling of Brighton, was Miss Pauline Mignon Jackson, and is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil W. Jackson of Brighton

The only water biscuit
with the true
nutty flavour

Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing if you leave out that vital first word "JACOB'S." And cheese without Jacob's Water Biscuits is like strawberries without the cream. In airtight ½-lb. cartons and in tins of various sizes.



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Ordinary or High Baked

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All for Beauty

Summer Loveliness

Summer loveliness and intelligent care of the skin go hand in hand. You need have no fear of excessive sun and wind if you protect your skin with these famous HARRIET HUBBARD AYER preparations... so quickly applied... so lastingly beneficial.

First, LUXURIA Cream—the foundation of all beauty. Use it to cleanse and protect the face, neck and arms... to prevent parched dryness. Then spread on a thin film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM to shield your face from freckles, and keep it satin-smooth and flawless. Dust with AYERISTOCRAT THEATRICAL Powder, especially suited to summer use because it absorbs moisture, provides extra protection, and gives a lovely, lasting finish.

After exposure, cleanse and soften again with LUXURIA, and cool the skin with a soothing application of ALMOND HONEY CUCUMBER LOTION.

And remember, in sun-time, and at all times, LUXURIA is the foundation of all beauty. It is famed for its sweet purity, liked for its refreshing coolness, approved for its results by a whole generation of lovely women.

LUXURIA... foundation of all beauty 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9.

BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-.

AYERISTOCRAT THEATRICAL Face Powder 2/3, 3/3, 6/3.

ALMOND HONEY CUCUMBER LOTION 3/6, 7/-.

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What is the best treatment for your skin?

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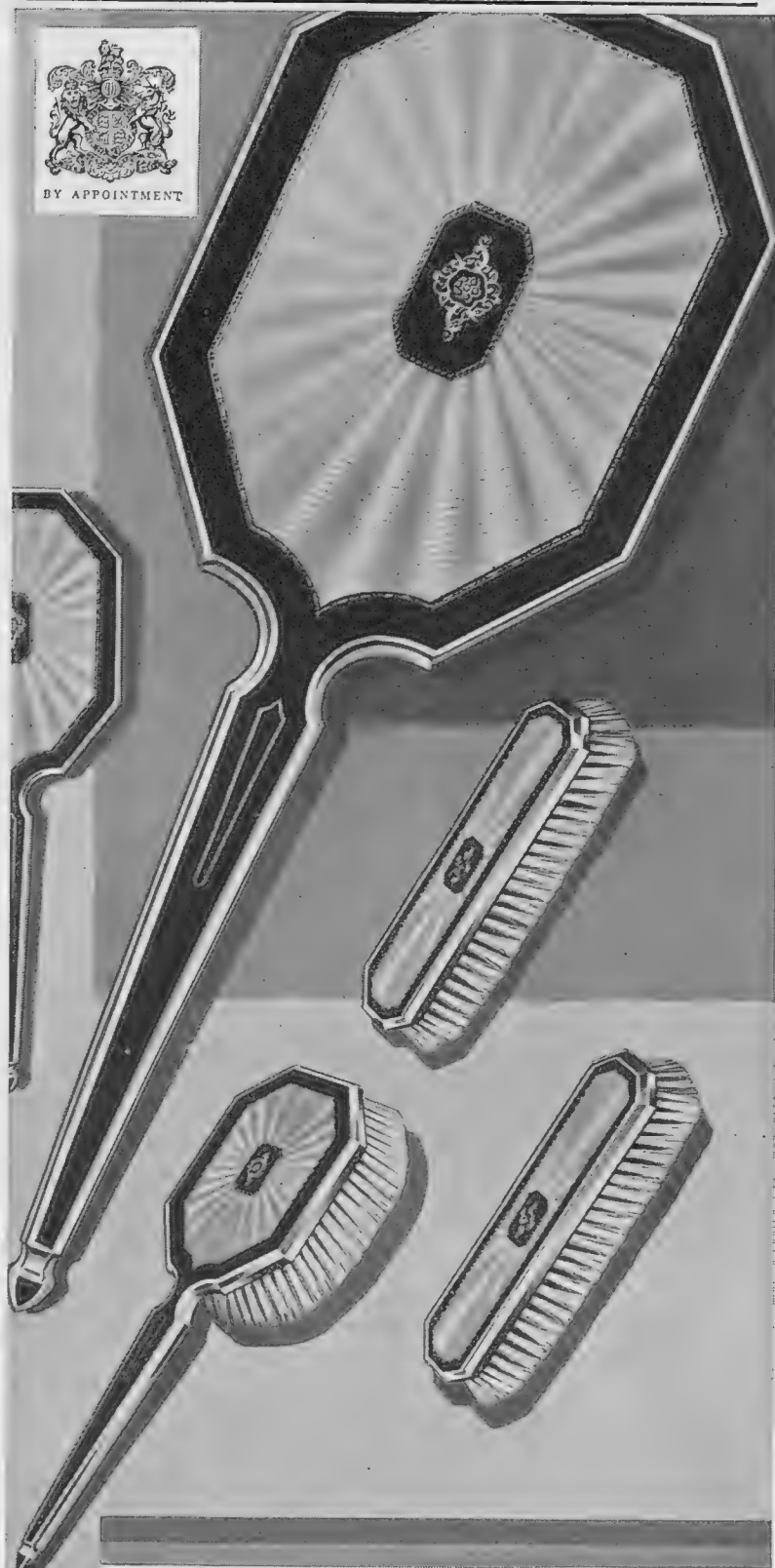
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Hand Mirror, with bevelled glass = £6 . 5 . 0

Hair Brushes, fine quality bristles, each £4 . 12 . 6

Hat & Cloth Brushes = " = each £3 . 2 . 6

Horn Dressing Comb, Sterling Silver mtd. 15 . 0

Complete set £22 . 10 . 0

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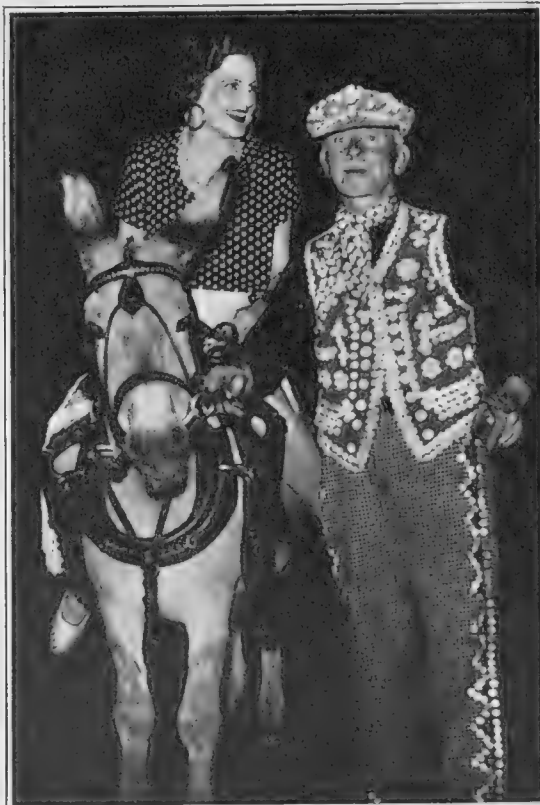
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Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 82

(verily I know what I am talking about here), and the magistrate will as resolutely believe him. Use your judgment, and damn all signals, say I—barring the red, green, and amber.

Fine Programme.

I admit to a little uncertainty about the logic of announcing a 1933 policy at 1932.5, but I am not going to find the least fault with it. Good things are all the better for coming the sooner, and bung on the opening of the half year, punctual to the dot, came the new Standards. It is to be expected that many hands will be extended and many cheque books opened to greet them, for in truth this concern does not do things by halves and they have produced something really striking in their new Little Twelve and Big Twelve which, with 6-cylinder engines plus 4-speed silent-third gear-boxes, now supplement, but not supplant, the famous Big Nine and Little Nine. These latter, improved in many details, now—by the way—boast four gears, as also the grouped system of chassis lubrication, smarter radiator lines, and so forth. To the new-comers one wishes all possible success, and I imagine they will have little difficulty in attaining it. The Little Twelve—though, running over its dimensions, it does not seem to be so little after all—has, unless I am much mistaken, the distinction of being the lowest-priced 6-cylinder car on the market. The engine is of 1,337-cc capacity, involves a £12 tax, and develops 29 b.h.p., so that it should have an excellent all-round performance. The Big Twelve has a 1,497-cc engine rated at 13.5 h.p. and giving 32.5 b.h.p. Both are made in what may be called standard Standard models and also with rather longer wheel-bases and special equipments as special Standards. In addition to those already mentioned there are the Sixteen and the Twenty, so that a man must be hard to please if he



AT MRS. WOOLLEY-HART'S COSTER PARTY: MISS BUNTY STEPHENSON AND A REAL COSTER
The moke was also the real article, and is in most excellent condition. Some other pictures of Mrs. Woolley-Hart's party appear in an earlier page

cannot find one in the list to suit him, whatever his taste or his means. I congratulate Captain J. P. Black upon a characteristically enterprising gesture and look forward to trying his attractive new models with the keenest interest.

Not Committing Myself.

I have had quite a number of letters just lately from people who want my opinion of a device that claims to keep engines free from carbon deposit, to add to their efficiency, and to decrease very substantially their petrol consumption. And all for quite a small sum of money. Well, I'm dreful sorry to say that I haven't got an opinion to offer. Whilst I do not question the pretensions of any gadget-monger, I cannot work up any faith in his article so long as he fails to submit it to a test by the Royal Automobile Club, whose certificate carries weight the whole world over. I distrust personal testimonials of things of this kind, for I know how readily the wish can be the father of the thought and how extremely difficult it is accurately to analyse results unless the most rigid conditions are observed from the very start off. Therefore, my esteemed correspondents, you must please yourselves, if you don't mind.

To-day's terrific speeds in the T.T. appear to require special provision against shocks, and the most popular antidote is a pneumatic fitting of some sort. Moseley "Float-on-Air" mud-guard cushions, knee-grips, and tank-rests have been favourites for many years, and this year the equipment of the leading machines shows what the world's experienced drivers think of this particular make of first-aid to the aspirant to T.T. honours. All three winners were equipped with one or other of the Float-on-Air specialities. In the Light-weight, the first six machines, and in the Senior the first four were similarly equipped. Over 80 per cent. of those who finished the three races used Float-on-Air.

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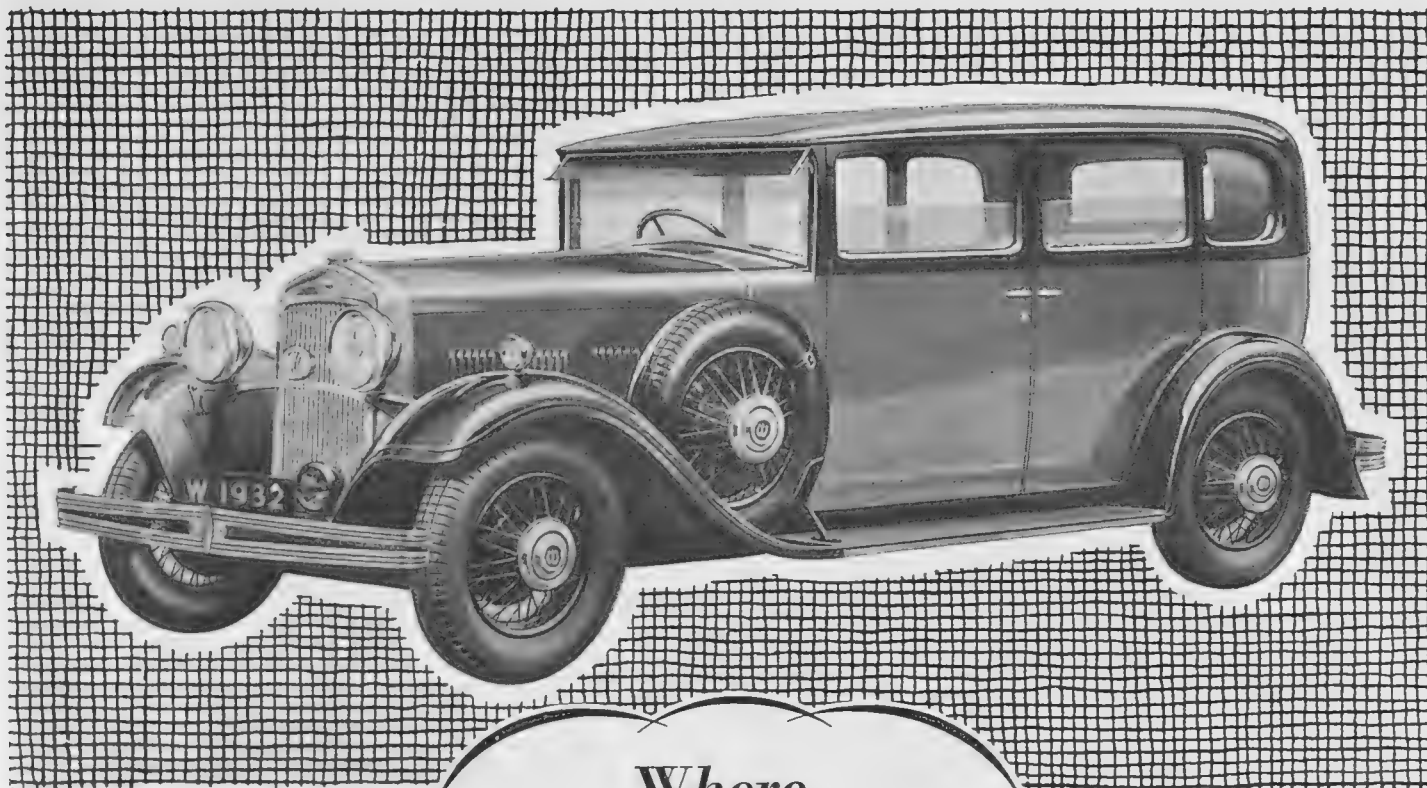
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Governing Director: Sir Wm. R. Morris, Bt.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 80

popular aeroplane. Mr. Kenworthy has hit off the mean between the too-efficient aircraft and the inefficient aircraft, and has provided a machine which is cheap, safe, easy to fly, and which incorporates the little features which help to make flying a pleasant pastime, such as side-by-side seating.

Hitherto Redwings have been made at Colchester; but the factory is to be transferred to Gatwick later on, and I hear that there will soon

be an announcement about certain new types of Redwing which are to be marketed in the near future. I shall look forward to these types in the hope that they will do something really drastic in reducing the cost of operating aircraft. The price of going up is coming down it is true; but it is not yet coming down fast enough. The tendency to turn to the high-speed machine, which is beautifully designed and constructed, but which has an engine of such high power that only about three hundred people in the whole country can afford to buy and to run it, should be resisted for a time. When money is freer there will be plenty of room for the luxury light plane.



CAPTAIN W. L. HOPE—A KING'S CUP STARTER

Captain Hope has won the King's Cup twice and been placed once. He piloted a Fox Moth in this year's race in which, as on other occasions, many women pilots faced the starter

Bristol-Cardiff.

The air-ferry habit is gaining ground, and I foresee many new miniature air services starting in Great Britain in the near future. Mr. Balfour's ferry between the Isle of Wight and the mainland has already been mentioned in these notes. Now the Bristol-Cardiff air ferry service has started. It is being operated by the British Air Navigation Company and the aeroplane is Captain C. D. Barnard's Fokker. The service is linked up with special motor-coach services in both Bristol and Cardiff which enable the inclusive journey from the Grand Hotel, Bristol, to the Angel Hotel, Cardiff, to be completed in forty minutes as against one hour and twenty minutes for the train journey. The service is being operated four times a day in each direction.

Zeppelin Visit.

Everyone was admiring the way in which the crew of the *Graf Zeppelin* handled her when she came to Hanworth on her visit to England. The landings were masterpieces of judgment and decision and were an object lesson in the handling of lighter-than-air craft. Altogether Hanworth did well in the organization of this event and, judging from the enormous crowds that were in the public enclosures, they must have benefited financially. I have rarely, if ever, seen more intensive joy-riding by aeroplanes than during the time the *Graf Zeppelin* was cruising over England.



IN THE FAR EAST: MRS. VERE HARVEY

The wife of Mr. Vere Harvey, who is the chief test pilot and manager of the Far East Aviation Company, Hong Kong. Mr. and Mrs. Vere Harvey recently flew from Hong Kong to Macao and landed on the race-course, this being the first time a woman has ever made this trip



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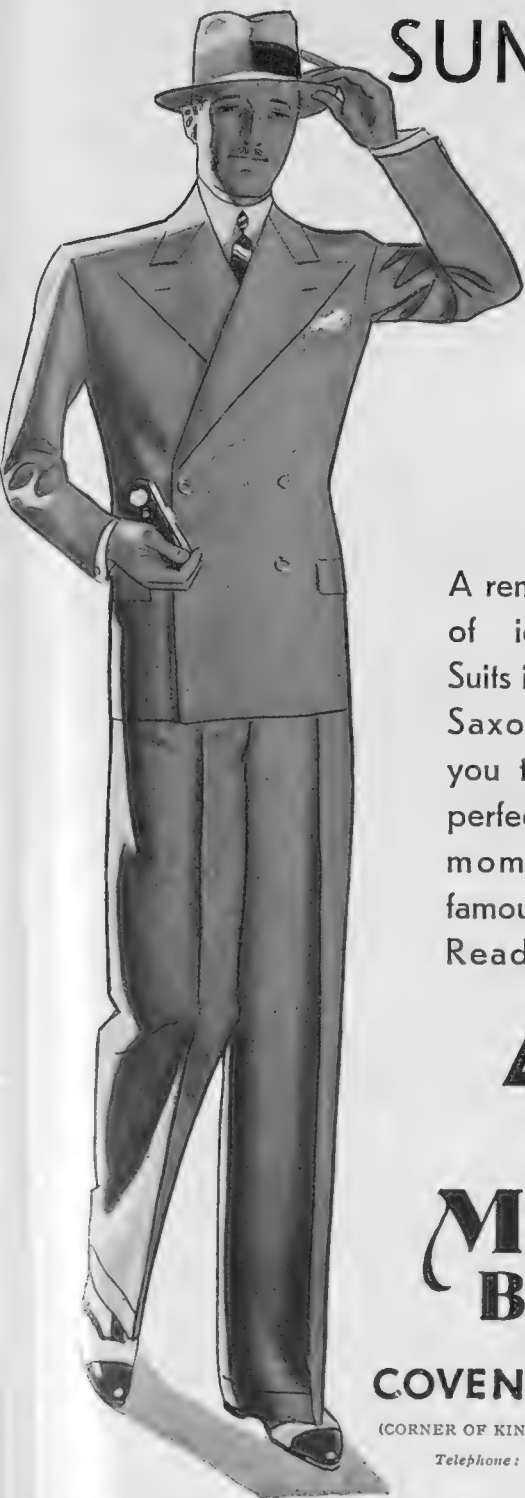
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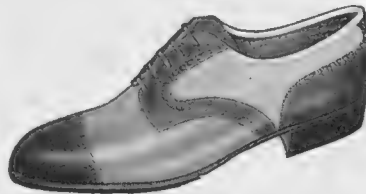
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for an ex-Service man who is blind and whose case is a real tragedy. At the age of fifteen he was so keen on becoming a soldier that he enlisted for the War, giving his age as eighteen. At sixteen he fought through one of the biggest battles of the War and was gassed. Soon after he was transferred to the Signalling Corps, Balloon Section, and was chosen for special signal work at night from a kite balloon, and it was through reading messages with a brilliant light that his eyes were first affected. He has a wife and child, and the only income he gets is derived from letting lodgings, which is not very profitable these days. He is learning Braille, and is very quick at it; also he would like to train in basket-making. He and his family have been through years of terrible depression and privation since the War. Through a technicality he has been, and is, ineligible for an army pension. Now his troubles are greatly relieved by the offer of a free cottage with a tiny garden, where he and his wife and child can live free, provided it can be guaranteed that he has sufficient to feed himself and his family. The Friends of the Poor are doing all they can to obtain a small life pension from a beneficent society, but that will take some months. They urgently ask your help to provide £1 a week for six months—£26 is needed. They appeal to your generosity. "Lest we forget."

* * *

The annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society is one of the largest and most important of the year, and the protection of the numerous stands and valuable exhibits from the risk of fire is a matter



Stage Photo Co.

THE SAVOY FOLLIES—OR SOME OF THEM

Miss Berthe Riccardo, Miss Florence Desmond, who is amusing us all by her clever sketch, "A Hollywood Party," an imitation of all the cracks of movie-town, and Miss Iris Ashley. Mr. Archie de Bear's excellent show opened at the Savoy Theatre last week, and amongst other celebrities in the ship's company are Mr. Stanley Holloway, the ex-Co-Optimist, and Mr. Gillie Potter, who is so well known to all of us on the wireless

of the highest importance. The society has entrusted the fire protection of the show, to Messrs. Merryweather & Sons, the world-famous fire protection specialists, of Greenwich, who will have a fire station within the show grounds. There will be a powerful motor "Hatfield" Fire Engine of the same type as supplied to H.M. the King and to fire brigades in all parts of the world. There will also be a "Hatfield" Trailer Fire Engine such as been acquired by many owners of country estates, and also a trailer pump of the turbine type which can be readily detached from its two-wheeled carriage and used for general pumping duty in addition to fire protection. The fire station will be staffed by a section of Merryweather's fire brigade, who will be on duty to deal with any outbreak of fire and will also be available to furnish information regarding many other Merryweather specialities at the same stand, including appliances for fruit spraying, garden hose, etc., etc. During the recent show of the Bath and West Society at Yeovil, a fire occurred on a vehicle passing through the show grounds. The Merryweather fire brigade were summoned and the outbreak was promptly extinguished with one of their appliances.

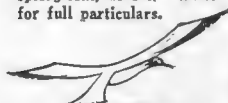
The Southern Railway has just issued a most attractive book entitled "Yachting on the Sunshine Coast." This book is compiled, written, and illustrated by Chas. Pears, R.O.I. Mr. Pears is a well-known cruising man who has had first-class experience of the yachting centres of Southern England, and is therefore able to record his opinions in such a way as to be of assistance to yachtsmen. Mr. Pears' paintings are beautifully reproduced, some of the most charming being those of Gosport, Hamble, Old Bosham Quay, and Rye Harbour. The book also contains a list of yacht and sailing clubs.

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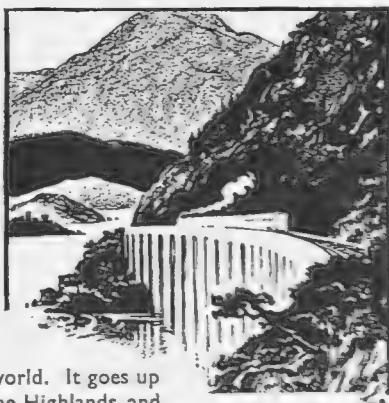
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KING'S CROSS FOR SCOTLAND

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

There was a well-attended meeting of the executive on June 24, also meetings of the finance and show committees. Lady Howe presided at these meetings. Lady Faudel-Phillips, chairman of the finance committee, was absent. Matters connected with our late open show were discussed and also judges selected for our open show next year. In connection with the members' show to be held in November, the committee hope to secure a most eligible hall in the heart of London, which should ensure the success of the show.



MRS. OLIVER AND HER MASTIFF PUPS

Mrs. Trelawny is leaving for a holiday in America on July 28, and the office will then be closed for a month. We all know the immense amount of work put in by Mrs. Trelawny, and that nothing less than the Atlantic rolling between them will keep her from the office; so we are delighted to hear that she is really going away. All members will wish her a good and amusing holiday. Also, will all members remember this and do any business they have to do with her as soon as possible?

In that delightful book, "The Master of Game," written by the Duke of York who fell at Agincourt, and edited for us by Mr. Bailbe Grohman, the mastiff is described as follows: "A mastiff is a manner of hound. The mastiff's nature and office is to keep his master's beasts and his master's

house, and it is a good kind of hound, for they keep and defend with all their power all their master's goods." The mastiff has not changed through the centuries; he is still "a good kind of hound." Those qualified to speak say that he goes back much further than that, and the Assyrian hunting scenes in the British Museum show us dogs that have every appearance of being mastiffs. A dog with so long a pedigree should be of pronounced type, and the pure-bred mastiff certainly is. At one time he was in danger of being bred merely for head properties, like so many breeds, but now that danger is over and he is a marvellously active dog for his size. One of the people who has done most to further this is Mrs. Oliver, who has devoted much time and thought to the betterment of the mastiff. The result is seen in the magnificent dogs which bear the "Hellingey" affix. The picture is of Mrs. Oliver and some of the hopes of the kennel.



LONG-HAIRED DACHSHUNDS
The property of Mrs. Rycroft

The dachshund in all its branches is attractive and one of the most popular is the long-haired variety, now coming into favour. Mrs. Rycroft sends a picture of some of hers. She has only a small kennel and they all live in the house. She finds them most quick and intelligent and excellent pals. Mrs. Rycroft has done well showing, her beautiful Vesta having been most successful. She has also sent good ones to France and America and will be having some more pups for sale shortly.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

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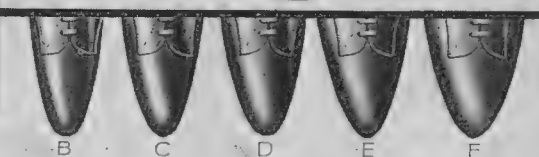
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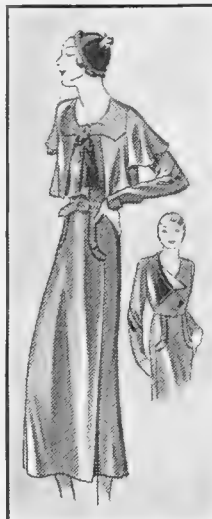
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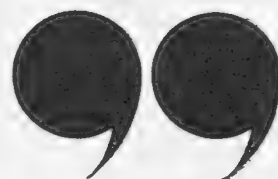
I never kneel on the lid,

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I always have

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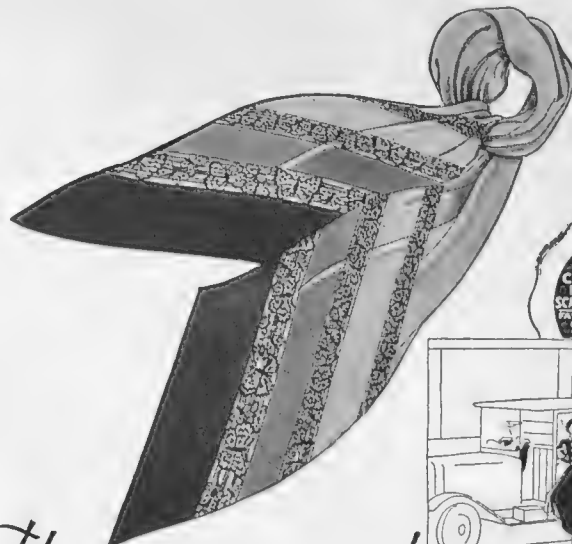
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"BEAUMARIS"

EXCLUSIVE, but not expensive, is this charming real Bangkok straw hat. In natural colour only. All sizes, 21/-.

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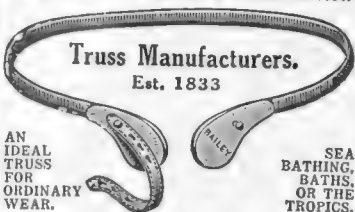


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Who could tell I once suffered from SUPERFLUOUS HAIR?

NOW IT IS GONE FOR EVER

Looking at me now, with my clear, unblemished skin, who would ever guess that once I veiled my face to hide the hideous growths of ugly, disfiguring hair? Yet that is so. For years my life was a misery. As the young wife of an officer in India, I suffered the agonies of shame. I had a distinct moustache, almost a beard. Nothing did me any good. Even the expensive, painful electric needle brought nothing but a few days' relief. Always the ugly, disfiguring growths came back again stronger than ever on my face and body.

Then, almost in a day, my clouds were lifted in a most amazing way. My husband saved the life of a humble Hindoo soldier. In his gratitude the Sepoy breathed to him the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo religion which keeps the women of that race free from any sign of superfluous hair. I tried it in desperation. From that day—now years ago—I have never seen a sign of superfluous hair. I watched for it daily for months, never daring to hope that it was gone for ever. But it was! I was cured completely. I was a normal woman again. Since then I have told many other

sufferers of my experience, and the secret recipe has never failed. It has brought joy and permanent freedom in every case. If you, too, suffer, let me help you. Let me tell you how I suffered, and let me pass on to you the secret that saved me. I shall gladly send it free if you will send me coupon below, or a copy of it, to-day with your name and address stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me three penny stamps to cover my outlay for postage, etc. Address: Frederica Hudson (Folio 57. B.), No. 9, Old Cavendish St., W.1.

THIS FREE COUPON or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps. Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: Frederica Hudson (Folio 57. B.), No. 9, Old Cavendish St., London, W.1.

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NO BUTTONS OR TAPES

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The Season's

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*released in Daily Dozens
to give each day its own*

STARRED BARGAINS

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COLOURS: White, Scarlet, Black,
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"THE DIAGONAL"
A Practical soft
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long-sleeved stockin-
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By Appointment.

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Fadeless and uncrushable, these hand-blocked flowered linens make ideal summer tub frocks.

69/-

In delicious colourings including shadings of Blue, Cherry, Green and Golden Yellow and Orange tones.

Another Model may be seen with square neck and short sleeves.

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says Augustin of Cranbourn Street . . . one of Theatreland's ruling Hairdressers for over twenty years



May, 1932
Let me tell you of something that has actually occurred in my shop. One day, a customer whose hair I had waved only a couple of days before, returned full of righteous indignation to show me that her wave was non-existent and her hair all over the place. Just to show her I took a Mason Pearson Hairbrush and began to brush.

A few firm strokes the way of the wave put the hair back into the original lines; after a few minutes the hair was lying shining with all the depth of the wave restored. And when I showed it to her she was dumbfounded. "There's certainly no need to wave it again," she admitted. "Let me advise you, Madame," I said to her—"BRUSH your hair—and brush it well: and the work I put into it here will be my time and your money spent to the fullest advantage."

Augustin

● ● ● You cannot buy any other Hairbrush "like" a Mason Pearson. The *original* pneumatic cushioned brush, it is always in advance with improvements—and is a high-class brush in every detail. Its tufts of genuine stiff wild-boar bristles are "spired" in a patented formation to brush right through to the scalp. Whichever brush you choose in the Mason Pearson range (3/6 to 18/6) you get the finest Hairbrush value obtainable.



FAVOURITE MODELS 10/6 to 18/6 . . . CHEAPER STYLES from 3/6

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is guaranteed to make the Face look 15 years younger.

Make-up on a poor foundation only accentuates defects. Cosmetics applied AFTER the Manners Treatment emphasise the loveliness regained. The tremendous success with which the artistry of Madame Manners' work has been crowned is due to the fact that she restores the foundation. Those AGEING LINES from nose to mouth, WRINKLES and CROW'S-FEET round the eyes—those SAGGING CHEEKS and NECK—there is only one CERTAIN method of making them disappear PERMANENTLY without discomfort and in ONE VISIT—the Manners Treatment. It is flawless in its perfection. Mme. Manners is an ENGLISHWOMAN and with sympathetic understanding, she appreciates the moral uplifting of recaptured youth. That her treatment is proved and reliable is the secret of her continuous success. Her delighted clients—both MEN and WOMEN—give enthusiastic appreciation of her work. Call and see proof of this.

Doctors will personally recommend.

Personal Consultation Free. Hours 10.30—6.30.

Fees from 5 Guineas.

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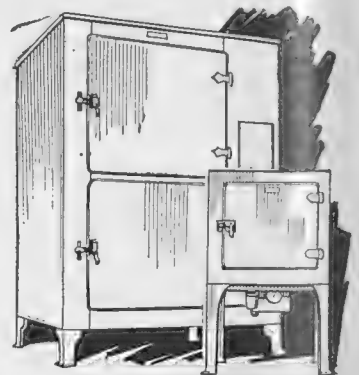
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are unique in principle. They operate, without motor or sound, by gas, electricity, or paraffin. Below are two models from our range. The larger, the "Manor," is suitable for big establishments. The smaller model is the famous Electrolux "Minor"—the lowest-priced self-contained refrigerator made. It makes refrigeration possible for the tiniest flat. All it costs is £19 10s., or 15/- down and easy payments. The "Minor" makes ice, holds lots of food, is air-cooled, portable and operates on the same motorless principle. Send coupon for illustrated leaflet.



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Please send me illustrated leaflet describing
(1) Electrolux Refrigerators.
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Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

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Write for Booklet and
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In chiffon felt, so soft and pliable, inset with rings of silk to give ventilation. In any shade.

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is now the most favoured by London's supreme arbiters in elegance.



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The "Plastic Head-dress," which is specially designed for each client by Mr. Vasco, is of the sculpture type, neat, charming, provokingly attractive, and remains unruffled for days, no matter how much the hair is combed.

Consultations by Mr. Vasco free of charge.

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Of Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- & 10/6



Red for dark hair, Golden for fair or grey hair.

Made in England.

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Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth.

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Of all chemists. Write to "STILLMAN'S," Ringslade Works, Ringslade Road, N. 22, for free booklet "How to Remove Freckles."

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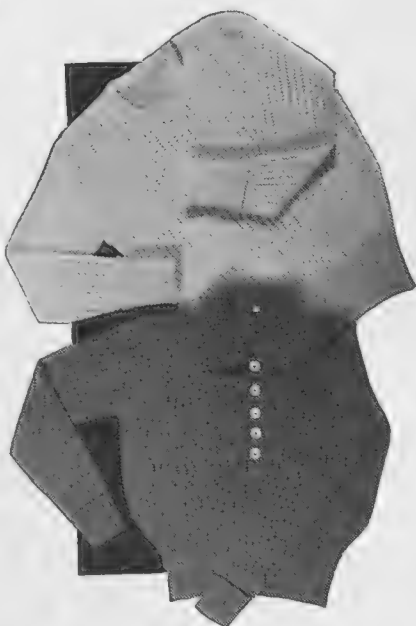
Illustrated:

The round-necked Jumper costs ... **27/6**

The shirt-like Jumper costs ... **39/6**

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MADE TO
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Coat lined silk
10½ Gns.

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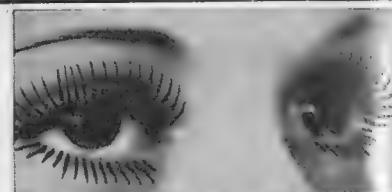
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You can beautify the
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Sale Price **18/11**

524.—Irish Linen Frock, daintily hand-embroidered. Cornflower, Gold, Rose, Green.

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All Bargains!

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Useful lengths of finest Crêpe de Chine, Triple Ninon, Washing Satin, Printed Crêpe de Chine, etc. Send for selection of Remnants.

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Lengths of finest Embroidered Flouncing for infants' frocks from 5/9 a length. Veinings, Edgings, etc., in useful lengths.

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Fine Lawn and Nainsook Night Gowns offered at a big reduction in price from as low as 9/6

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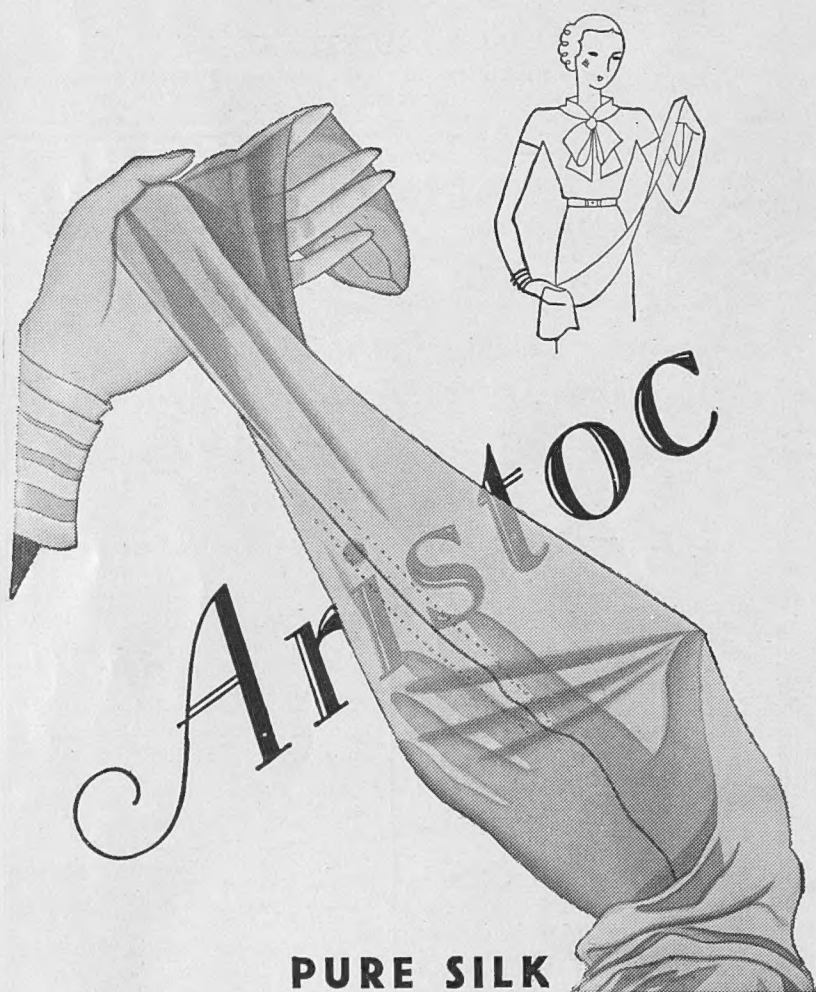
This is a **Genuine Clearance Sale**, we shall have no other until January next.

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Ideal conditions. Continental liberty. Illuminated Covered Tennis Courts, dancing, billiards, bridge, etc. 100 bedrooms with private bathrooms, central heating. Terms about half usually charged elsewhere. Apply Manager—

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